MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. IX.—NO. 41. MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1898 $1.50 PER ANNUM.

Satisfied . . .

We are! so are our customers! Each day adds to the list new customers and we are always pleased to welcome them. This spring finds us better prepared than ever to satisfy the demands of each and every one. Our stock of staple dry goods appears to be just what was wanted. All the ladies are rejoicing over the values they are receiving. The gentlemen are highly delighted with our stock of furnishings. They tell us we cannot be beat in any line, especially neckwear, dress shirts, black sateen shirts, hats, cashmere hosiery, etc., etc. They convince us of the fact when they leave us a nice order.

THANK YOU BOYS!

We will always use you right. No trouble to show you our goods whether you buy or not. No hard feelings or ugly looks if you only say you will call again. Many thanks for past favours.

Yours truly.

J. A. HEALEY & CO.

Hitchcock and McCulloch,

Bankers and Financial Agents. Moose Jaw, Assiniboia.

Five per cent. interest allowed on Deposit accounts.
Current accounts conducted on favorable terms.
Collections solicited. Prompt returns.
Drafts and Cheques bought and sold.
Correspondents:—Bank of Montreal.

New Spring Suitings

IN ALL THE LATEST SHADES, ETC.

In Hats

We are showing an excellent assortment of all the leading English and American styles.....

MERCHANT TAILOR. **R. L. SLATER.**

Manitoba Granite

SUMMERVILLE & CO., of Brandon, Man., the largest and best equipped marble works in the Dominion, are now manufacturing at their own yards, and polishing at their own mills at Brandon, the Native Granite of Manitoba. It is a beautiful dark red color, very fine in texture, and takes the highest possible polish.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO WANT A MONUMENT OR MEMORIAL STONE.

Do not order till you have seen samples of this beautiful granite. It is the purest, handsomest, and most durable that is on the market. It is equal in finish and is finer in the grain than the best Scotch or New Brunswick granite, and fifty per cent cheaper, as we are saving both duty and freight by using home material; and are paying in wages to employees what formerly went out of the country for stock. We are the only producers of this stone. All orders entrusted to us will receive prompt attention; and finished second to none in the Dominion. Our travellers are now showing designs and samples; We also make Curling Stones of this granite, which are considered by Mr. F. Knight and others of Manitoba's best curlers who have tried them, to be equal to the best Scotch stones.

Travellers—W. C. Stewart, W. Summerville, D. McIntyre.

Thoroughbred Bull for Sale.

Thoroughbred Shorthorn Bull (pedigree No. 15223) for sale. Apply to JAS. M. KEAY, Moose Jaw, Assa.

YOU'LL FIND IT IN WAGHORN'S GUIDE

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES.

We want a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Good money made at home. For particulars ready to commence send name and address. THE STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Dept. B., LONDON, ONT. 40tf

SPRING

is coming and you will be looking for

BOOTS and SHOES

We have over 1200 pair to be sold at greatly reduced prices.

A FEW OF OUR PRICES:

Men's Grain Bluchers, worth $2, reduced to $1.45; men's split bals., worth $1.80 for $1.35; men's buff bals., worth $2.50 for $1.80; men's calf congress, worth $4.25 for $3.50.

In Harness and Saddles

we have a larger stock than ever. Team harness, all complete, from $25 to $33. We have 40 sets of these to sell, all hand made and from the best leather that can be bought. Single harness ranging from $8 to $20; saddles from $3.50 to $45. Also a

Car load of Buggies, Democrats & Carts

just to hand that we will sell for lower prices than you have ever been offered before in Moose Jaw.

Call and See

what we can do before purchasing elsewhere.

R. E. DORAN

We are Well Prepared for the

Spring .. Rush

A Full Line

of everything to be had in a first-class general store.

Just placed in stock....

Car Choice Groceries
Half Car of Crockery
Half Car of Sugar.

BOOTS & SHOES

25 cases to hand and more to follow. See us for rubbers—men's, ladies,' boys,' misses' and children's

Our Car Potatoes to arrive as soon as weather will permit.

GENUINE NEW MAPLE SYRUP ON DRAFT.

Inspect our stock and get prices. We are satisfied the result will be ours.

Robinson and Hamilton

Improved Farms

FOR SALE.

SE¼	20	17	25
NW¼	22	19	26
SW¼	28	15	25
SE¼	12	17	26
SE¼	16	17	25
NW¼	16	16	25
SW¼	34	17	25
SE¼	36	16	26
E½	28	18	24

These farms have all been improved.

Also a number of dwelling houses in the Town of Moose Jaw for sale.

Liberal terms of payment will be given. Apply to

J. H. GRAYSON,

Agent for British Canadian Loan and Investment Company.

NEW LIME!

McClelland, the Plasterer, will be able to furnish the trade with large quantities of newly burnt lime on and after Thursday, April 21st. Leave your order early and secure your supply. Mail orders promptly attended to. Our prices are right.

JAS. M'CLELLAND,

Plain and Ornamental Plasterer.

THE SPRING ASSIZES

Of The Supreme Court Of The North West Territories.

The spring assizes of the Supreme Court of the North West Territories opened at Moose Jaw Court House on Tuesday, April 12th. The Honorable Justice Richardson presided and there was also in attendance from Regina Mr Dixie Watson, Clerk of the Court; Sheriff Benson, T. C. Johnstone, Crown Prosecutor; and Mr. Norman Mackenzie. There was the usual number of cases on the docket, which were disposed of as follows:—

Campbell vs. Canada Permanent Loan Co., Hugh McDougall and Jas. Ostrander. — An action to recover possession under a lien note of a certain furnace. Lawrence King and Norman Mackenzie for plaintiff; Wm Grayson and T. C. Johnstone for defendants. Judgment reserved.

Wilson vs. Cline.—Settled.

Battell vs. Coulter and Flack.—The hearing of this case was postponed on the consent of both parties. W. B. Willoughby for plaintiff, Grayson and Johnstone for defendants.

Queen vs. J. W. Fletcher.—Charged with the unlawful killing of a steer, the property of T. B. Baker, also with the theft of a horse, the property of Chas. Armstrong. A large number of witnesses were examined and the case was lengthy. T. C. Johnstone prosecuted and W. B. Willoughby defended. After hearing the case, His Lordship concluded there was no criminal intent, but advised the accused that he should have been more careful. He also regretted that the law did not permit him to issue an order for the costs the Crown had been put to.

Queen vs. Coventry.—This case was adjourned to the 27th April, bail being granted, the accused in $400 and two sureties of $200 each—this being an increase over the bail allowed by the magistrates. T. C. Johnstone prosecuted; W. B. Willoughby for defendant.

Queen vs. Chalmers.—Charged with the theft of two colored skylights. T. C Johnstone prosecuted and W. B. Willoughby defended. The accused was discharged on replacing the skylights. During his remarks on this case the Judge said if he were forced to enter conviction he would have to deal severely with Chalmers and make an example. However, he offered to reserve a case for argument before the full court on the legal points raised by the defence.

Caron.

Caron, April 11.—There has been a number of new arrivals from the east during the last two or three weeks, among them being Stoneman Bros., with a carload of effects, from Ilderton, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Banker, from Parry Sound; Miss Powell, from St. Mary's, Ont., on a visit to her brothers; and Mrs. Vicary, the last of the Ontario excursionists to return home.—Our J. P. must have got the mitten, as he was seen wandering over the prairie lately with one bare hand.—H. B. had a very pleasant trip south some time ago in a blizzard to see some lady friends.—Mr. Wilson, of Summerside, is the owner of our stage line just now.—Frank wears a pleasant smile these days. It's a girl.—Mrs A. H. Howell is visiting friends in Moose Jaw.—The snow is disappearing fast and the wild geese are plentiful.—Mr. Herman Hurlburt, of Rosedale Ranche, sold a valuable cow to A. McKeown last week.—The topic of the times is where can I locate a ranch or homestead near to a school.—Frank Lewis was appointed a justice of the peace last month for this district—not before one was required.

ANKLE DEEP IN PAIN.

Sinking in Rheumatic Mire—South American Rheumatic Cure was the Saving Strong Arm.

W. F. Beggs, Vancouver, B.C., says: "Five years ago I was afflicted with a very acute form of rheumatism, causing great pain in my ankles and feet. I tried every thing I could read or hear of and consulted many physicians, and a Toronto specialist, without receiving any benefit. I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. The first dose gave me relief—the first bottle greatly helped—and two bottles brought me a complete cure."

"NO HOPE."

Camps on Many a Threshold—But South American Kidney Cure Spirits Away Disease in a Trice.

Mrs. J. Hallman, Berlin, Ont., writes: "I was a great sufferer for 18 months from kidney disease. The pains were so severe as to cause fainting, and I could not be left alone—was restless and sleepless at night—no remedy or doctor seemed able to give me any help. I was advised to try South American Kidney Cure. After a few doses I was greatly benefitted, and two bottles took every trace of kidney trouble from me.

Messrs. H. Jagger, J. A. Creegh and A. Lowe returned Tuesday morning from a very pleasant visit to Regina.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Good farm hand wanted. Apply to T. B. Baker.—Advt.

Homestead Inspector Rodgers was in town last Saturday.

See our hats. Boys' and young men's @ $1.00 each. J. A. Healey & Co.

Brakesmen Olio Olafsson and Fraser Muirhead have been promoted to be conductors.

Const. Emery, of the N.W.M.P., was here this week in connection with the Fletcher case

Brakeman A. Prosser has been promoted and is now entitled to the much-coveted "Con."

Mr. H. C. Stovel, publisher, of Winnipeg, was in town on Tuesday and gave us a friendly call.

Fireman Smythe, of Swift Current, has brought his mother to Moose Jaw and will reside here in future.

Miss Katie Martin, sister of C.P.R. operator Dan Martin, returned on Wednesday from a visit to friends at Regina.

Brakeman Bert Langford, of Medicine Hat, was in town on Wednesday visiting his sister and renewing old acquaintance.

In the last Gazette notice is given of the incorporation of the Moose Jaw Drug & Stationery Co. (Limited), with which our readers are familiar.

An awful avalanche occurred in the Chilcot Pass a week ago Monday. The number killed is not yet known but estimates run into the hundreds.

Mr. Jno. Urton came in from his ranche in the Dirt Hills on Monday. So far his loss has been slight, although he is getting pretty short of feed.

All the snow has disappeared in town but the roads are yet very heavy in the country. The town is drying up nicely and bicycling is quite common.

The British scored a victory over the Dervishes last Friday by rushing a fortification and capturing the principal leader. Among the slain on the British side is Capt. Urquhart, formerly A. D. C. to His Excellency Lord Aberdeen, whose death has cast a gloom over Ottawa.

Mr. R. E. Plaxton, of Winnipeg, arrived recently and will succeed Mr. D. A. H. Watt as manager of D. R. Dingwall's jewellery store. Mr. Watt, who intends leaving for Winnipeg, will be greatly missed in Moose Jaw by the large number of friends he has made during his sojourn.

Mr. Harrowell, of Touchwood, licensed lay reader of the diocese of Qu'Appelle, is now exercising his ministry as assistant to the Incumbent of St. John the Baptist's church, Moose Jaw. It is expected that the country churches will have additional services during Mr. Harrowell's stay.

Medicine Hat can now boast of a bank. Last week representatives of both the Merchant's Bank and Union Bank arrived and announced their intention to start a branch, but as there would hardly be enough business for both an arrangement was made whereby the Union Bank withdrew, as representative of the Merchant's Bank was the first to arrive.

Three men were killed and five injured by the collapse of a railway bridge near Lethbridge on Thursday last week. A strong wind was blowing and while the men were working the trestle, over one hundred feet long, collapsed like a pack of cards without warning. The workmen employed on the upper portion jumped to the opposite bank, but of those below none escaped without injury.

A musical and literary evening will be given in the Methodist church on Monday night by the members of the Epworth League. The report of the C.E. convention held at Moosomin will be presented, also one of the papers read at the same. Short addresses on interesting subjects will be given by members of the League. The musical part of the programme will consist of solos, quartettes and duets, one of the solos being the latest popular song "Sleeping in the Klondyke."

Moore, The Eye Specialist and Refractionist late of Boston will be here on April 16th 18th 1898 Having the latest and most improved instruments and facilities for accurately estimating and treating all Recti Muscular Derangements and errors of the Dioptric Media, he is in a position to scientifically treat all persons suffering from poor and defective eyesight. A selection of perfect pebbles and optical goods always on hand. Consultation Free. See dodgers for place of business.

HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

So it is all over, then—in that quarter, at all events. Eyre, having bowed himself out of his host's presence, after forcing himself, as in duty bound, to make courteous acknowledgment of hospitality received, which acknowledgment has been as courteously accepted, has sent a message to the village for a trap to take him and his belongings to the inn down there as soon as may be. He is raging with indignation and disgust. That old Goth! He will give his daughter to a man she hates just because in a foolish moment the poor girl has been coerced into an engagement with him. Never had the spirit of Don Quixote been so strongly reproduced as in Mr. Eyre's heart at this moment. He will come to her aid, father or no father! What! would any man stand still and see a girl wantonly, deliberately sacrificed and not put out a hand to help—to save? If so, his name is not Lucien Eyre!

To see Dulcinea is, however, necessary. She must be made cognizant of the plot laid against her happiness. Up to this, poor child, she has regarded her engagement as a usual thing, if hateful; but she must now learn that force will be employed if she refuses to go calmly to the altar with that abomination, Sir Ralph.

He has just stepped into the corridor when he comes face to face with her.

"Well, I've seen your father," says he.

"What! Oh, no!" says she.

"Yes. I have and a bigger old— I beg your pardon. But——"

"He says I must hold to my engagement with Sir Ralph."

"He says that, and that only. If you were a slave he could not have made it more distinct that you were without power in the matter."

"Surely"—growing very pale—"you exaggerate a little. A slave! Whose slave?"

"Sir Ralph's presently, if you don't take swift measures to free yourself. Dulcie, you trust me, don't you? Come away with me. Come this evening. There is a train at half-past six; meet me there, and——"

"And what?"

"I'll take you up to town to my sister's and we can be married to-morrow morning."

"Married to-morrow morning! And—and he—"

"He!" meaning her father; she however, had not meant her father; "why, he deserves all he will get—no more."

"True, true!" says she, as if trying to work herself up to the necessary point of valor. "A slave, you said. But still——"

"Dulcinea! Dulcinea!" roars some one in the distance.

It is the voice of the "Goth."

"He's calling me; I must go!" says she, taking her hand away from Eyre in a little frightened fashion.

"Remember," whispers he, holding her by her sleeve—"remember, the train; the station is only a mile from this; 6.30—keep it in mind. I shall be there. It is nothing of a walk, and—"

"But—my clothes!"

"Oh, nonsense! My sister will——"

"Dulcinea!"

It is a very angry roar this time.

Dulcinea, with a wistful, undecided glance at Eyre, rushes down the passage that leads to her father's sanctum, and disappears.

"You called me, father?" says she, nervously.

"Called you! I should think so? Half a dozen times, at least. What were you doing? Philandering with that thundering idiot upstairs, eh? I should think, considering his birth—and he comes of decent people enough, though they are English—that to make love to a girl in her father's house without her father's consent was a most damnably low sort of thing to do."

"You wrong Mr. Eyre when you talk of him like that," says Dulcinea, loyally.

Eyre had meant to befriend her. A ray of the fire that blazes within her father's eyes shines in her own at this moment.

"Look here!" says The McDermot, furiously; "you can fancy yourself in love with whom you like, but you shall marry Anketell all the same. You've given your word to him, and I'll see that you keep it!"

"I shall not marry him unless I wish it," says his daughter, with distinct defiance; whereupon The McDermot breaks out in a terrible way, and says all sorts of bitter, unpardonable things, until the girl, who is in a white heat of rage in her own way, flings wide the door and rushes into the garden, to find rest and peace and room for thought.

She finds, however, only her cousin.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Is it not time, then, to be wise?—
Or now, or never."

Perhaps to her it has seemed that "rest" and "peace" may be found in him. Fond hope!

"Andy!" calls she; "Andy!" He is at the other end of the garden, and at first does not hear her. "Andy!" however, restores him to a proper frame of mind.

"Hi!" says he, from the middle of a bed of cabbage.

"Come here! come, at once! It is something very important."

This brings him to her at the rate of forty knots an hour.

"Well what's the matter now?" says he.

"Everything!" says Miss McDermot with commendable brevity.

"That generally means nothing with a girl," says her cousin, contemptuously. "However, to do you justice, you look like business this time. What is it, eh?"

"If I could be sure of you, Andy," says she, forlornly; "but you will be as likely as not to take his side."

"Whose side?"

"Well you see!"—hesitating—"It's this way——"

Dead pause.

"Oh! go on, for goodness' sake. If you have anything on what you are pleased to call your mind, get it off! You look"—with all the delightful sympathy that, as a rule, distinguishes the male members of one's family—"like a sick chicken. Anything fresh? or is it the same old game?—our well-beloved uncle on the rampage again?"

"Yes! And this time with a vengeance!" says Dulcinea wrathfully. "He—insists on my keeping my engagement with Sir Ralph, in spite of the fact that I—decline to go on with it!"

"You!" Andy pauses and twists her round so as to get a good view of her. "What's up now?" says he. "You decline to go on with your engagement! Why? What's the matter with Sir Ralph?"

"That isn't the question!" says she, vehemently. "I refuse to discuss Sir Ralph with you or anybody. What has to be considered is whether I am to be sold—yes, sold—against my will to anybody!"

"Keep your hair on," says her cousin, blandly. "There's something behind this slave market business, isn't there? I never heard a word of it until that young friend of yours fell into the bog and was dragged out by some inconsiderate person by the hair of his head, and brought home to be nursed by you."

"I don't know of any one who fell into a bog, and was pulled out by his hair," says she, coldly.

"Look here, Dulcie," putting her down on a moldering rustic seat, "let's give a name to it. Eyre is the bogged one's name. And I expect he has been making love to you—eh?"

"At all events he isn't like some people!" exclaims she, with a little frown. "He doesn't lecture and scold and trample on me from morning till night!"

"We shall now proceed to give a name to the trampler," says Mr. McDermot. Anketell! And so you want to throw over Anketell and marry Eyre? Is that what it comes to?"

"N—o. Not exactly."

"Then you want to throw over Anketell and not marry Eyre. Is that it?"

"No—not quite."

"Then, my good girl, what is it? If you could throw just one ray of light upon the mystery, I might be able to see you home."

"Well—it's this, then!" says she, with a sudden touch of passion. "I won't submit to be ordered to marry any one, and certainly not a tyrant like Sir Ralph! Why, if you could have heard him yesterday! But never mind that. The fact is, Andy, that Mr. Eyre—asked me to marry him; and—I didn't say yes—because—— Well!—never mind that, either. But he went to father, and father, it appeared, was distinctly rude, and told him—— Well"—sighing—"never mind that, either."

"Is there," asks Mr. McDermot, mildly, "anything I may mind?"

"Yes—this," says she, her anger growing. "He then sent for me."

"He? Eyre? Just like his impudence."

"He is not impudent, and it was father who sent for me."

"To give you a good scolding, I hope."

"If you hope that"—trying to rise—"there is no use in my going on with this explanation."

"Yes, there is—every use. I'm sure to come in handy sooner or later, and therefore it is necessary the plot should be laid bare to me. Come, go on, do! We can have our little war later. What did the governor say to you?"

"That I should marry Sir Ralph whether I liked it or not—that nothing should prevent my keeping my engagement with him. He"—paling—"gave me to understand that if I loathed Sir Ralph I should still marry him."

"But you don't loathe him."

"I'm not sure, I"—passionately—"I am actually certain that he has backed up father in this matter, and if only to punish me for being a little—you now—a little——"

"Yes—I know"—nodding.

"Well, to punish me for that he, too, is in the plot to compel me to marry him."

"What rot!" says her cousin, forcibly, if inelegantly. "That isn't a bit like Anketell! You must be out of your mind to talk of him like that!"

"You don't know him as I do. You think he is fond of me. Now, I"—raising her head and gazing at her cousin with glowing eyes—"I know that he detests me!"

"Come in and have your head shaved! Come quickly. Typhoid, I should say, to look at you."

"Nonsense! There—don't go on like a lunatic! I mean every word I say. The very last interview I had with him he was rude and cutting, and indifferent, and cruel, and——"

"He must have forgotten to pay a compliment or two," says her cousin, thoughtfully.

"You can jest if you like," says Dulcinea, rising now with determination. "I did think, Andy," casting a reproachful glance at him, "that I might have hoped for sympathy and help from you!"

"I don't think I understand it," says Andy, carefully. "You want to marry Eyre, and you don't want to marry Anketell; is that it?"

"No"—shortly. "I don't want to marry either of them."

"Not Eyre," doubtfully.

"Certainly not. All I want is—to be free. To let Sir—to let father see that I am not to be commanded to marry any one. Andy," coaxingly, "help me. Speak to—father—do! Help me to break off this odious engagement."

"And so let you free to marry that whipper-snapper upstairs, with his black, black eye! No, I won't!" says Andy, with decision. "Sir Ralph is worth a dozen of him. Do you think I don't see through you? You have fallen in love with that Italian, who looks quite absurd without the monkey and the organ, and you want to pretend that all you desire is freedom."

"You refuse to help me, then?" asks Dulcinea, looking suddenly very tall and very white and very earnest.

"To your hurt—yes."

"Very well, then. Since you have all forsaken me I shall act for myself. I shall let you and father and Sir Ralph see what I can do—unaided."

She turns and walks down the path toward the gate.

"Look here, Dulcie. Come back! let's talk it over," says he, hurrying after her, impressed in spite of himself by her manner.

But she waves him to one side with an imperious gesture, and is soon lost to sight.

"It's going to be a fine evening for fireworks," says Mr. McDermot, contemplating the sky with a thoughtful air "Great display! unlimited variety! magnificent effect! And smoke!—much smoke!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Thou didst delight my eyes,
Yet who am I? Nor first,
Nor last, nor best, that durst
Once dream of thee for prize,
Nor this the only time,
Thou shalt set love to rhyme."

How dark it is walking along this silent road! Dark, though only six o'clock. How quickly the day dies when it is December! Such a moon as this is hardly worth talking about; and yet without it, obscured as it is, how much more dismal would the night be! Was there ever before so silent a night? Are all the dogs in the farmhouses dead? There is no sound at all anywhere, save the stir of sea, in the starlight, far, far below, down there, where all things seem to sink into one.

Bridget!—what is Bridget thinking now? Has she found out she is gone? No; not yet. It is early really, though it looks so late. Oddly enough, it is to the servant the girl's mind first turns, as in her mad angry folly she runs along the road that leads to the little wayside station of which Eyre had spoken to her. Her hint to Andy that she would let lover and father and cousin see what she could do is now in process of full completion. When Eyre had suggested to her to run away with him and be married by special license, she had certainly at the moment, though seeming to dally with the idea, no real intention of following it up. But Sir Ralph's unfortunate coldness of the day before, her father's stern command, and finally her cousin's mocking determination not to help her to her folly, had been all too much for her childish pride. She had revolted, once for all; she would show them!

Eyre's last words about the 6.30 train his earnest, really honest expression as he spoke, had lingered in her memory and waiting, locked up in her own room, she had, when night grew, dressed herself in her warmest clothing, and slipping out at the side door, began her journey to Denygra station.

Was there ever so long a mile? or a road so deserted? At first she had prayed that no one might see or meet her on her way to the station; but now she would have given a good deal to hear the sound of cartwheels, or the jogtrot of a farmer's horse. But there is no fair anywhere to-day in the neighborhood, and so the road remains empty and quiet.

The moon, coming out at last from behind a tank of dark gray clouds, serves only to heighten rather than to lessen her sense of loneliness. Now each hillock and tree and bunch of furze takes shape and action, and threaten to attack her on every side. The terrors of the night are great to those who know nothing of it, safe within carefully-closed doors of house or carriage. To Dulcinea, running along through the dull darkness, a sense of despair mingled with active fear is uppermost!

"Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye, nor listning ear, an object finds."

In vain she tells herself that it is not really night, that it is only six o'clock; that a few months ago, this very hour and time and dreadful darkness would still be called day. It is with a sigh that grows into a sob of passionate relief, that at last she sees the lamps shining in the little station before her, with, over there a quarter of a mile to the left, the glimmering lights—of the small town that has given its name to the station.

Hurriedly she enters it, and, reaching the dim platform, that seems enveloped in a cloudy mist, stands irresolute. Only for a moment, however, Eyre has come to her, has seized her hand, is drawing her into the fuller lights beyond.

"Let us stay here," says she, in a choking tone. "No one can see us here. And—oh!" a little wildly, "it was a long walk. How far—how far am I from home!"

"You are nervous," says he, sensibly—too sensibly; "and it is my fault. I forgot, when I suggested to you that the walk here was only a mile, that it would be undertaken in midwinter. It never occurred to me that six o'clock would mean night at this time of year. You must try to forgive me that. What is that you have? Your bag? Give it to me."

The station is such a minor one that, at this hour, it is given to absolute solitude—almost. In the far distance a sturdy farmer is trudging to and fro, puffing and blowing, and seeking by eager marchings from the gate to the station house, to keep some warmth in his body, and just here, where Dulcinea stands, a laborer goes by on his homeward way, and there—over there, where the gloom is thickest—stands, by all the worst luck in the world, Ralph Anketell.

He had been lunching in this part of the neighbourhood during the afternoon, and expecting a parcel by this train, had decided to wait and take it home with him. He had seen Eyre's arrival, and wondered at his punctuality, the train not being due for a quarter of an hour or so; had felt a sense of satisfaction in the thought that he was really leaving—a thought justified by the amount of luggage lying on the platform; had designedly withdrawn so far into the shade that he should be unseen by him, not feeling equal to a tete-a-tete with the man he suspects to be his rival, and had seen Dulcinea's nervous entrance and Eyre's eager greeting of her.

To for one instant imagine their meeting involuntary would be to know himself a fool, and when he sees Eyre possess himself of the small bag that Dulcinea carries he knows the truth as surely as though all the world were crying it within his ears.

Numbed—stupefied—chilled to the heart's core he stands watching the girl to whom he has given every thought and desire of his life, wilfully making havoc of them.

"Nervous?" says Dulcinea, vaguely, staring at Eyre as if hardly understanding him. It has come home to her that certainly he does not understand her. Nervous! Is that the word for this awful pain that is tugging at her heart? Oh, what madness had brought her here?

A sense of fear—distinct, clutching, is shaking her. It grows too dreadful to be borne. Eyre is talking to her. She is conscious of that; but no word he utters is clear to her. To go back, to go back!—that one thought, and that only, is beating like a hammer in her brain, but behind it, and through it, comes another—the oddest one, surely—that if she goes she will never see Anketell again!

Presently the mists of her brain clear a little, and she can wonder within herself. Eyre is still talking—kindly, no doubt, and soothingly; but it doesn't seem of any consequence at all what he is saying. Ralph! What will he think? When he hears she is gone—gone; what will he think then? She becomes for the first time conscious that she is cold—so cold! It must be the night air that is making her shiver like this.

She must go back. She will. Even the dull lights in the station are beginning to add to her terror. Surely—surely every one is looking at her, wondering about her, gossiping about her!

Yes the one person who in reality is looking at her with an anguish unspeakable is the one person unsuspected by her.

She sighs heavily as one might whose mind is made up after a long conflict. She throws up her head. Eyre is still speaking.

"We shall not have long to wait now," he is saying; "the train is just due. Come, we had better move a little this way."

"I can't!" she pauses and looks straight at her companion, a terrible misery in her eyes. It seems as if speech has deserted her. "I won't go any farther," she gasps, at last painfully.

"You mean?" questions Eyre, as if not able to grasp the truth that lies so plainly in her white face and gleaming eyes.

As he pauses for an answer the shrill whistling of the approaching train cleaves the sharp, crispy air.

"Forgive me!" says the girl, trembling in every limb. "I—I thought I could do it, but I can't. I'm frightened——"

"I told you you were nervous," says he. "And I know it is a wrench; but surely, darling, it is best for you; you have so often told me how unhappy you were——"

"I must have lied to you," says she, solemnly. "Lied. Not meaning it—not intentionally; but because I didn't know. I know now. I must go home; I must."

"As you will, of course!" says Eyre, very stiffly. Has all his chivalry come to this that she will none of him, of his aid, or sympathy, or affection. Surely he is as modern a Don Quixote as one may hope to find! "You really wish to return?"

"I do—I do, indeed!" says the poor child, clasping her hands imploringly.

Mr. Eyre makes but one answer to this impassioned and distinctly unflattering appeal—he returns her her bag. To the man in the dusk beyond, watching them with a livid face, this act seems unprecedented.

"Has it occurred to you how you are to get back?" asks Eyre, in a tone calculated to freeze a salamander.

"I shall be able to manage that"—feverishly. "I shall indeed! Ah!—there is your train!" as that snorting machine dashes into the station. "Go!—go!"

"I shall 'go' certainly, sooner or later," says he, sullenly. "Though considerably later than will please you, to judge by your manner. But before I oblige you, I shall see you safe into your home."

"If you do you will miss your train. Do—do think of that!" says she, in a small agony. "See—they are shutting the doors, and—— Oh! breaking off with a little gasp of hope that ends almost in a cry, "there is Andy! Andy!" calling out loud. "There! Don't you see him? Just running into the station! I'd know his legs anywhere! Andy! Andy!"

To Be Continued.

SPIRITUAL SPEAR POINTS.

Every dog is a lion somewhere.

Whereever love is there God is.

God will leave n thing half-done.

The more you love, the more you live.

Patriotism keeps up with national duty.

Content is not content without thanksgiving.

The city is as strong for the poor, as it is for the rich.

Under the pulpit is the best place for the church stove.

When doubt is in the pulpit infidelity sits in the pew.

A patched-up friendship is apt to break in a new place.

We cling to our beliefs chiefly because they cling to us.

Love of the brethren is our title-deed to Divine sonship.

The devil fears the prayer that is learned at a mother's knee.

God gives no burden where He has not first given strength to bear it.

Love is the apex. Humility the foundation of the Christ-like life.

However high a man may climb, he must always start from the ground.

There is no pew in any church that the devil has not some times occupied.

If you have neither money, friends nor character, thank God you are out of jail.

A reform measure measures men. Loyalty to principle is the measuring rod of patriotism.

If the world is governed by fate let us grin and bear it; if by love, let us believe and share it.

HER IDEA OF TEMPERANCE.

A little school girl in the rural districts of Georgia was told to write a composition on "Temperance." She turned out the following; "Temperance is more better than whisky. Whisky is ten cents a drink, and lots of it. My pa drinks whisky. He has been full 113 times. One night he came home late and ma went out and cut some hickories and walloped him good. Then she ducked his head in a tub of soapsuds and locked him up in the barn. And the next morning my pa said he reckoned he'd swear off.

FIGHTING SNOW DRIFTS.

BATTLING WITH THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE NORTHWEST

Railways Lines Blockaded by Sweeping Avalanches—An Army of Men Required to Clear the Tracks.

North America is the battle ground of the biggest snow fights on earth. There are thousands of men in the northwest whose only occupation during the winter months is to fight snow. It is exciting work, too, a life that involves the greatest hardships and continual risks. One might search the world over for a more desperate and dangerous employment."

It was a Canadian Pacific engineer who spoke. We were travelling over the Rocky mountains at midnight. Through the glass-paneled door at the tail of the train, one could see the icy crests of the mountains in the pale moonlight. In the wake of the summer fires the trees stood up thin and rakish, like the masts of ships. Elsewhere they were shroudedf with drooping branches and spattered stems, in the universal snow. The snow gave an impressive sense of peacefulness to the impenetrable silence of the mountains I looked out upon the solemn stillness, the broad stretches of motionless white the deep passages of avalanches carved along the mountain sides, with a feeling of awe for the immensity of the power that had so changed the face of nature.

But the railroad man had no illusions. To him the snow was a foe, a foe to be feared, a foe against whom men and engines had often measured their strength in vain.

THE GREAT SNOW SHEDS.

Every now and then the scenery was blotted out; the glass panels suddenly showed us nothing but the reflection of the car and bobbing light of the overhead lamp. They were snow sheds through which the train was passing. The railroad, cut like a single step in the side of the mountain chasm, was roofed in as snugly as a house. Above, for all we knew, the snow might be tumbling headlong over the slippery ledge in a tempest of passion, but for all its malevolence, impotent to inflict an injury to the poor snake of a train hiding beneath its shelter.

These snow sheds have been erected among the mountains at an enormous cost. They are of massive timber work—heavy beams of squared timber, dovetailed and bolted together, and backed with rock. They are fitted into the mountain so that they become, as it were, a part of the mountain side, so as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanche.

Anything may precipitate an avalanche down the steep declivities of those piled-up precipices, among which the single-track railway looks like a pin's scratch would on the hand of a man. It need be no more than a loosened scrap of rock that has started rolling downwards with no forethought of the immeasurable cataclysm that its passage will create.

In a few yards it has become imbedded in a mighty mass of moving snow, a wool-white torrent licking up the leviathan trees as it passed like straws swept up in a storm of autumn leaves, growing more venemous, more powerful, more irresistible, until the rush of the wind before it clears a passage through the forest anticipating its ravages, removing all obstacles as the outriders to a royal equipage make way through a mass of human beings.

It is truly a royal foe that the railroad men of the northwest have to encounter among the mountains An onrushing, terrific force, something which cannot be checked. It is necessary to resort to subterfuge, to cheat it, to hide from it, or to make good by artificial means the path that the railway has struck out for itself.

A SPLENDID SIGHT.

Among the Cascade mountains may be seen seven and eight engines linked together charging impotently against the snowbanks, and at night time there is no more wonderful sight than this, each hissing engine throwing its sheath of fire-light on the tenders, with their heavy loads of wood fuel, on the gleaming snowbanks, on the great trees seeming to press round to mock by their stillness all this useless fury and fuss, this powerless raging. This resultless disturbance of their peace.

Under favorable circumstances, the snow parts readily under the onslaught of the plow. At times, however, under the battery, to which it is subjected, it only becomes more rigidly compressed, more solid, more impenetrable at each renewed charge, a solid, unbudging block of ice. The engine may go back a mile, the throttle may be thrown open, it may rush upon the barrier at a speed of 40 or 50 miles an hour, but when the snow dust has cleared sufficiently for the engineers to see round them, it may be that they have only advanced a yard, possibly the engines fires have been extinguished, not improbably the engine may have been thrown off the line.

The one recourse which then remains is to call in the assistance of a small army of men, that a way may be forced through the snow with pick and shovel, and, while these operations are progressing, the passenger train has to be kept constantly on the move, as in a few hours it become incapable of movement at all.

At such a time it is no unusual thing to see several hundred men at work on a single drift. Perhaps eight or a dozen platforms are cut in the snow, thus what is removed from the line is passed upward from stage to stage, climbing the steep walls in tiny shovelfuls, until it finally reaches the open waste, thirty or forty feet above the heads of the workers on the ground level.

The men are brought to the spot in special trains and fed and housed as best they can be. They work day and night, sometimes shoveling for thirty-six hours at a stretch.

THE ROTARY PLOW.

The thing that has simplified the task of snow fighting more than anything else, especially in the prairie country, is the rotary plow. The appearance of the "rotary," as it is familiarly called by railroad men, reminds one of nothing so much as the screw propeller of a steamship. It is a huge rosette of flanges, about twelve feet in diameter, that bores its way into snow banks, clearing just enough space to enable the waiting train to pass through. As the winter goes on, the snow is piled higher and higher on each sides, until we have the perpendicular embankment through which the track often passes for miles without a break.

As the wheel revolves, the snow thus pass back through the interstices between the shovels, fall into a funnel sized fan elevator, and are hurled forth on this side or that side of the line according to the quarter from which the wind is blowing. In a gravelly area of silver dust, the snow is flung into the air to a height of 60 or 70 feet descending like a fountain over the half-buried posts of the telegraph. From the smoke stack a volume of fire is rising. There is an uproar like the sound of artillery galloping over the cobbled street. As a spectacular effect the snow plow is a great success. Some of the bigger plows weigh over 90 tons by themselves, and with the machinery that operates them the total weight is over 100 tons.

The cutter, with its own private engine, as it were, is placed on a massive truck, which is inclosed like the cab of a locomotive and linked to a heavy freight engine, the "Hog." Following behind this travels another engine drawing its load of tools and the complement of workers. The men who operate a snow plow draw high wages, the expenses in this respect on one job amounting to over $150 a day. A rotary in good hands will clear a snow blockaded at the rate of from two to twelve miles an hour; but the consumption of coal is one ton in 30 minutes.

With a rotary plow the engineers do not run the same risk as they do on the plow of the old-fashioned type with which it is often necessary to charge the snowbank at top speed, not merely cutting through, but burrowing under the snow. But even the rotary plow is liable to be disabled by encountering the frozen carcass of a horse or a steer in a snowbank, or the debris of fallen telegraph poles, or, among the mountains, the trunks of gigantic trees. It is nominally the duty of the section men to look out for this, and if possible, to warn the engine driver, and to telegraph for a gang of workmen with pick and shovel to clear the track in the old-fashioned way. But it is needless to say that the most vigilant section men cannot always be relied upon in such a matter as this.

LIFE GIVING ENGLISHMEN.

Appreciation by American Manufacturer of Britain's Policy in China.

Sir Richard Webster, after declaring that it would be better for Great Britain to fight and lose now than to perish of slow starvation by the loss of trade, went on to say that the United States was supporting England's policy in the Chinese trouble with surprising unanimity. That is true, and it could hardly be otherwise, because the interests of the two countries are identical," says the New York Evening Post. Both of them desire that the trade of China shall be open to fair competition. However, much we may insist upon holding our own markets, for our own producers, we are emphatically opposed to the closing of neutral markets to our commerce by outside violence and compulsion. Upon this point American protectionists and free traders are at one. The organ of the Manufacturers' Club at Philadelphia has the strongest article on the subject that we have seen in the American press. Although Germany has intimated that she has no intention to put restrictions on the commerce of Kiao-Chau bay and its tributary country, the "Manufacturer" thinks that the young Kaiser will bear watching. "Of German policy in China," it says, "we know nothing. We do know that it has been in Africa and in some other parts of the world where German colonies have been established, and the progress which has been made under German auspices has been small in comparison with that which is effected in the great districts which have been touched by the energy of Englishman, that we must look for guarantees from Berlin with some distrust." The life-giving Englishman comes very handy just now, with his big fleet and his coaling stations offering to do our fighting for us in eastern Asia, and we are glad to note a growing regard for him among manufacturers of Pennsylvania. We ought to have had a vote of thanks at the recent convention in this city. "Manufacturer" urges our government to act promptly and intelligently in this juncture—not in the way of sending warships across the Pacific, but by letting foreign nations know that our treaty rights cannot be curtailed or set at naught by a re-arrangement of the boundaries of the Chinese empire to which we are not parties. If we want a spirited foreign policy in this place to show it is a place where we have rights of our own to stand for, not where we come as an intruder pretending to restore or defend the rights of other people.

RICHEST GOLD MINE.

The richest gold mine in the world is located under the thriving town of Ballarat, Victoria, Australia. It is not but half an ounce of standard gold to the ton, and yet the Band of Hope and Albion mine has yielded more than $150,000,000 of gold since it was opened 30 years ago.

A SCIENTIST'S OPINION.

Mr. Bilkins, looking from the paper—The eminent physician, Dr. Greatest, says there is no exercise so conducive to health in woman as ordinary household work.

Mrs. Bilkins—Huh! I'll bet he's never tried.

THE FARM.

MAKE MOST OF THE CLOVER CROP.

The first point that the farmer should consider is putting the land in condition to make the crop a good one. The land should have all surplus water removed. The water line should be lower so that it will be an advantage rather than a detriment to the clover. Then the land should have sufficient cultivation to unlock the plant food that the clover feeds upon. The seeding should be at the most favorable time says Mr. Jamison in Commercial Gazette, and an amount sown that will insure a stand under all ordinary conditions of the weather. When once the stand is secured, as much interest should be taken in seeing it perfect itself as is taken in the growth and perfection of a crop of wheat or corn. With a good many farmers the treatment of clover is along the line of the treatment they give their pigs — in short that it can hustle for itself without any particular attention being paid to it. While clover is one of the best weed exterminators that we have care must be taken to keep the weeds down till the clover gets a good start and has gotten above the weeds. The crop should be given an opportunity to perfect itself. This it cannot do if pastured too closely. On the perfecting of the root growth depends a large per cent. of the benefit derived from growing it. Short growth above ground gives short roots below the surface. This important fact should be remembered by every clover grower. While it gives the most relished pasture to animals while young and tender, still its full growth advantages should not be sacrificed on this account. Early in the season when moisture is sufficient it should be pastured to get a firm root hold. Then it will be more able to withstand drought and heavy pasturing later in the season. If it is sown with small grain, it should have careful treatment the first summer and given a chance to make a strong growth. Only in rare instances is the farmer justified in pasturing it the first season. The plant needs all the strength it can build during the first summer to carry it over winter and prepare it for reaching a maximum growth the next summer. The maximum crop is what we will should aim to get. This we can not get if the stock tramp out and otherwise destroy a large per cent. the first season of growth. When we have secured the crop or have the roots strong enough to produce it, the next important point is how to best use it. It is a well-known fact that in midsummer and fall, when other grass crops have dried up, that clover, on account of its deep rooting, keeps on growing and gives green forage to the animals on the farm. To make the most profit out of animals on the farm the farmer should expect most from their growth, rather than from fat laid on. To get the greatest growth the animals must have succulent food. Here comes in the place that we can make much more out of clover than we can out of other grass crops. With it in a drouthy season we can keep up a continuous growth of young animals, when if we depended on Timothy or other surface feeders the stock would be at a standstill. On most farms where stock is kept the winter feed, particularly for the horses is Timothy hay, corn and fodder. As a result of this kind of feeding, the young horses make no growth during the winter months. Often they come through the winter with a gradual run down in flesh, grass finding them in the spring very poor. The trouble does not arise from not being fed enough, but from the fact that what they have had is not a balanced ration. Young cattle also suffer in the same way, and come out in the spring walking skeletons. Now this can in a great measure be prevented, if not wholly overcome, by the use of clover hay. By feeding clover hay along with fodder and corn to our horses and colts we can keep them in good flesh and keep the colts growing. The young cattle can also be made to improve, keep growing and lay on flesh by the additional ration of clover hay. Lack of information in regard to its feeding value and prejudice stand against its more general use. Some men that are fattening steers for market will not use it because they think the steers will not consume as much corn. We are in doubt about this. Even if it does curtail the use of corn it will certainly not reduce the gain. With its use the cattle will feed longer and make a better gain. Farmers are beginning to see the value of clover as a renovating crop. Now if they will learn to utilize the hay crop to the best advantage in feeding balanced rations to their stock, they will add much to the value of their farms, their stock, and, as a result, many dollars to their bank stock. Many animals colts and calves that are of good breeding and that start life under promising conditions mature as scrubs because of the one-sided ration that they have during the winter months. By making a proper use of clover this can all be changed, and to the advantage of all other farm crops.

KEEP SWILL BARRELS CLEAN.

As hogs seldom recover from disease, it is advisable to use every precaution to prevent it. Allow no vegetable matter to settle to the bottom and decay. Do not feed musty or decayed grain. Keep the pens clean. Feed regularly, and at least once a week give a mixture of wood ashes, salt and brimstone. Occasionally a heaping tablespoonful of saltpetre should be given in the swill for 10 hogs.

SMALLER FARMS.

Most farmers are trying to cultivate too much land, and of course are not doing this in a way to make a profit. If all farms of 100 acres or more were cut in two and the money that one-half would bring were invested in improving and cultivating the other, the profit would be far greater than it is usually. Indeed, the large farm does not pay any profit, and most years its crops are sold at a loss. With the division of farms will naturally come the diversification of farm industries, so as to require the employment of a much greater amount of labor than is needed now. The farmer will have capital enough to improve all his land and increase its productive capacity. Under this policy the fertility of farms will be increased, and that, after all, is what is most needed to make farming profitable.

FRUIT GROWING ON HILLS.

Some of the best fruit in all sections of the country comes from the hill districts, where both climatic conditions and soil seem to promote certainty of crop and fine quality of fruit. Hills bordering running water have rich surface soil, with porous subsoil resting on lime rocks that are slowly disintegrating, and a natural drainage. But location, however good, is not sufficient. Orchards requiring diligent, patient work, knowledge of when, why and how to spray and how to secure protection from enemies. Never allow trees to bear fully. Thinning is one of the best possible practices, thereby getting less fruit, but of far better grade.

BABIES ON BATTLEFIELDS.

The Many Curious Places in Which Infants Have Been Found.

A few days ago an Afridi's baby had a peculiar experience on the battlefield. On an Afridi being shot it was discovered that he had been carrying a baby, and the British troops could not leave this on the ground with the dead man. Of course, no provision had been made for such an emergency, but still the soldiers were quite equal to the occasion, and carried the little stranger with them, on the march. Later on, when returning, they left it near the spot, where they originally found it, and this was done in full view of many of the enemy in the hope that it would be soon handed over to its mother. This little creature has thus had an experience which will often be referred to in after life.

A somewhat similar thing happened during the Russo-Turkish war. While the soldiers of a Russian regiment were marching from Plevna upon Constantinople they fell in with a female infant that had been deserted. The men took charge of the little lonely child, and she grew up as the daughter of the regiment. The most romantic part of the story, however, remains to be told, for this Turkish foundling was married two or three years ago to an officer in Russia, where her military foster-parents provided her with

A HANDSOME DOWRY.

Last year a man died at Birmingham who had, through life, the satisfaction of knowing that his birthplace was of a unique character, inasmuch as he was born on the battlefield of Waterloo. He was the descendant of a family of soldiers, and his father, who was with the 97th Cameron Highlanders, was killed in the memorable engagement at Hougomont. She had followed her husband out, and thus it happened that the little stranger made its appearance amid the din and roar of battle. Although born under such circumstances, he did not develop into a soldier, but, becoming a railway guard, frequently had the honor of acting in that capacity to the Queen's train.

Another romantic story is told in connection with the American Civil War. After one of the battles a baby, clothed in fine apparel, was found among the dead and wounded, and as no one came forward to claim it, the opinion was formed that its parents had perished in the strife. Of course, it was impossible to say whether it belonged to the Northern or Southern side, but ultimately a Southern soldier and his wife took the child, and cared for her as if she had been their own. She grew into a handsome and cultured young lady, and in course of time married Thomas E. Watson, farmer and lawyer.

ANOTHER INCIDENT

Of a baby on the battlefield is also furnished by America. It was at the time of the Revolution, during the invasion of Charleston, when the country north of Cooper's River was ravaged by Col. Tarleton and the British. Some of the men reached the plantation of Mr. Gibbs at night, and after killing the cattle and shooting down the negroes, proceeded to shell the house. Mr. Gibbes was unfortunately a helpless cripple, but his eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen, with the help of the servants, carried him and a younger sister to a place of safety.

After doing this she discovered that the baby, a boy two years of age, had been left behind. By this time, however, the house was in flames, shells were falling thick around it, and the field was full of soldiers. Still she determined to save the baby, and ran toward the house, but she was caught by a soldier. "Where are you going?" he demanded, and when she replied, "For our baby," the soldiers stopped firing.

When she entered the house, its destruction was so far completed that the walls began to crumble, and the flames shot up through the roof. It is said that, when she reappeared a moment later with a white bundle in her arms, the soldiers cheered her loudly as she ran to the spot where her father had been placed. The heroic girl was badly burned, but she recovered; while the baby whose life she had thus saved afterwards became the gallant Lieut.-Colonel Penwick.

HOME REMEDIES.

When my wife gets a cold, I can cure it in a day.

What do you give her?

Nothing; I simply say that if she is well by night I will take her to the theatre.

MYSTERIOUS CONDUCT.

Robinson is worried about his new wife.

What's the trouble?

She has brought her first husband's picture down out of the attic and hung it in the parlor.

About the House.

DAINTY DISHES FOR INVALIDS.

If ever attention is necessary in preparing food, surely it is most needed in the preparation of food for those who are in ill-health and suffering from the capriciousness of appetite that is almost inseparable from it. Upon those who prepare the meals of an invalid it cannot be too strongly urged, that cleanliness, daintiness and promptitude in serving, are absolutely indispensable. The first two items carefully observed, will insure the interest of the patient, the last will render the food wholesome; for all dishes should be served as soon as ready—hot dishes thoroughly hot and iced ones when completely iced.

As a rule an invalid's appetite has to be tempted. It is not a wise plan to constantly bother the patient regarding his bill of fare. By a little tact and adroit questioning, favorite dishes can easily be discovered, and an invalid often be surprised into taking a fair amount of nourishment by finding some tempting morsel unexpectedly placed before him; whereas, if questioned immediately beforehand he would in all probability have declared he "was not hungry and did not care for anything."

As so much sickness is rife during this time of the year, we will give a few recipes for invalid dishes, with the hope that they may suggest something new to those in charge of the sick ones of their homes.

Iceland Moss Jelly—Wash about two ounces of the moss in cold water, then place it in three pints of cold water, and boil this gently over the fire until about a third of the liquid has evaporated. Strain it upon removal from the fire, and allow it to thoroughly set before serving. A teacupful of this is the most strengthening jelly that an invalid can take.

A Cutlet for an Invalid—Have a nice cutlet, cut thinly, from a loin of mutton, remove all fat from it, and put into a stew-pan with two teacupsful of water, a very small cut-up stick of celery, and pepper and salt to taste. Let the cutlet simmer very gently for nearly two hours, and be careful to remove all fat that may rise to the surface as the meat cooks. The water must boil gently, otherwise the meat will not become sufficiently tender to suit the sick person's digestion.

Beef Essence with Cream—Cut up a pound of lean steak and pound each portion with the flat of a silver spoon upon a dish, so that the juice may be extracted. Then mix a tablespoonful of the meat fluid with a teaspoonful of fresh cream and a flavoring of salt or sugar, according to the taste of the patient. Give a teaspoonful of this mixture every hour or so. It is extremely nourishing, but must be made fresh every day.

To Cook Fish for an Invalid—Select a small, quite fresh whitefish; clean it, and place it in a fruit jar with a tablespoonful of milk and a sprig of parsley. Close the jar completely, and let it remain in a saucepan of boiling water for half an hour. Serve upon a small dish, with a pretty garnish of freshly washed parsley.

Sago Milk—Soak three tablespoonfuls of sago in a cup of cold water for about an hour; add three cups of boiling milk, sweeten slightly, and simmer slowly for another half hour. Serve warm with a slight flavoring of nutmeg, if it is not distasteful to the patient.

VARIOUS PLANT FOODS.

An easy way of supplying house plants with leaf mould is to take the yellow leaves and useless seed vessels that are plucked from the plant, roll them in little wads and thrust them down into the soil, there to decay and supply nutriment. But this cannot be done with all plants, especially those which are grown in small pots.

For instance the fuchsia is a complete mat of roots which often lick the sides of the pot, and are apparently tempted to try the upper air, but it thrives and flourishes well even if its feet are pinched. Of course, if the buds grow too slender or frail, or if the leaves turn yellow and drop, a larger crock must be granted it, but even in that case there will not long be room for much burying of wilted leaves, as small pots are the rule for that plant.

For such cases other ways of assisting plant growth must be resorted to. A concentrated, neat and useful plant food comes in twenty-five-cent packages and the fuchsias respond to it readily. Odorous but equally efficacious stimulants can be supplied from the hen-roost and horse stable. Use with discretion, of course, especially upon plants of the bulbous rooted sort; Amaryllis Johnsonii will scarcely bear anything of the kind, but callas will profit by a generous amount.

Fuchsias, petunias, geraniums in small pots, heliotropes and abutilons are all heavy feeders.

Here is a double petunia with twenty-four blossoms, like little pink roses, and scores of buds on every side, that last summer was but three small slips in a four-inch pot. It has been pinched back and cut back, repotted and shortened many times since, and has now advanced to the root space afforded by a seven-inch pot.

A month ago it demanded more room, refusing to develop its many promised buds unless something was done for it. What it received was a shaking out of the pot and a slice cut off its lower roots, then it was put back into the same crock, which was first thoroughly washed and scrubbed with an old hairbrush.

Out of doors everything was frozen stiff, and all the rich soil provided in the fall for such uses had gone for other cases of need, but under the cow house was some fine dry manure. It was the best that could be offered the petunia, which had also to be pruned of all its least promising branches to balance its loss of roots. The plant was not long in showing the effects of its overhauling. Now the number of blossoms open at one time is daily increasing, with no sign of any lack of fresh buds.

For house plants, it is a wise provision to stack up sods and garden litter, give it two years' time to decompose, and use this ready-made plant food in small pots, to encourage compact and vigorous growth.

If you care to try the experiment for one season, place in a window one or two stocky little geraniums that have been well pinched back and kept in four or even three-inch pots, together with two tall geraniums in large pots. The small plants may be trusted to outblossom the tall ones, and easily surpass them in foliage and general appearance.

INEXPENSIVE KITCHEN CLOTHS.

Having never tried sugar sacks for dishcloths and dish towels, avail yourselves of the opportunity to secure them for two and one-half cents apiece, and thereby be convinced that nothing could be nicer for the purpose, and assuredly nothing less expensive. Every grocer has them in numbers. His supplies of granulated sugar are shipped in one hundred pound sacks of soft, thin muslin, such as is never to be found upon the shelves of the dry goods merchant. They take up the moisture from dishes rapidly, wash easily, are easily kept white, and wear well.

TO CLEAN PIANO KEYS.

The white ivory keys of a piano should never be cleaned with water, which discolors them. Instead, they should be rubbed over with a soft flannel or piece of silk dipped in oxygenized water, which can be obtained at any chemist's and when the notes are stained or greasy use methylated spirits, gin or diluted whisky.

A simple way of cleaning ivory is as follows: Get some bicarbonate of soda and some hot water. Dip a brush into the soda and rub the ivory with it.

NEWSPAPERS FOR PLANTS.

During the cold nights, where plants are kept, stop the apertures about the window sash, if it be loose, with newspapers pressed into longitudinal folds the width of the cracks.

Place newspapers between the window and the plants.

For exceedingly low temperature, cover the plants themselves with newspapers, giving plenty of space for the spread of the leaves, and tie about the pots. The same papers may be used again and again.

THE BOY CAN ONLY SWEAR.

Ernest Mott's Vocabulary Limited to Oaths by an Accident to His Skull.

A boy whose vocabulary consists almost wholly of oaths lives in the village of Montague. His name is Ernest Mott, and if he lives until next March he will be 14 years old. Until last October he was a fairly bright and very active lad. While he and his playmates were skylarking among the wood teams on the morning of Oct. 31 a horse kicked him in the head, inflicting a severe wound above the left ear. His right side was paralyzed by the blow. The muscles of his throat were also affected so he was unable to articulate. After treating the boy for a few weeks without noticing much improvement the doctor sent him to the Bangor Hospital, where the surgeons trephined his skull, taking out a circular piece of bone to relieve the pressure upon the brain.

The boy began to get well at once. He ate heartily, gained strength, and, on Dec. 18, he had so far recovered that he was sent home to his parents. He has been out on the streets every day since, apparently as healthy as ever, but though his physical and mental vigor has returned he is still unable to utter any form of speech except the oaths that he learned about the mill. Of those he has a perfect and eloquent command. He can easily outswear any person who has ever visited Montague, which, considering the proficiency of some of the mill men, is a reputation that is hard to obtain.

Though profanity is his sole form of expression when standing up he is able to get his tongue around a few plain words after he has lain upon his back for a few hours. When his mother calls him to breakfast in the morning he sometimes says "Good morning," or "Its a good day" to her but this moment he gets upon his feet the power leaves him and he relapses into utter wickedness for the day. He can whistle an ordinary tune all though without making a mistake, but he can't sing a word. He can write out his wants in every day words, and seems to have no inclination toward sinfulness while making his needs known upon slate or paper, but the moment he tries to speak he begins to swear and does nothing else but swear until he is out of breath. Dr. Bragg, his attending physician, has called several specialists to help him cure the boy, but all have failed. A Christian Science healer, who came up from Bangor, prayed with the lad for two days, and when he got through the lad buried the good man with an avalanche of wicked words.

THE DANGEROUS TOUCH.

Let poets burn the midnight oil,
And still the world will whirl;
But hide the can with care and toil
From the careless servant girl.

SOCIAL DRAWBACKS.

Didn't you enjoy Splurger's charming talk on How to Make Life Beautiful?

No; I was thinking of that $50 he has owed me for ten years.

NO COMPLAINT ON THAT SCORE.

Nurse Girl—I lost sight of the child, mum, and—

Mother—Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?

Nurse Girl—I was speaking to him all the towne, mum.

VALUE OF KLONDIKE CLAIMS.

Northwest Gravel Deposits Compared With Those of California.

A letter from Dawson City, Northwest Territory, of a recent date says: —While, no doubt, the gravel deposits of this country are as extensive as any that have been discovered in the world, they cannot, so far as has been proven, be said to be of high grade.

No such diggings as these in the best gulches of California in early days, and in Australia, Montana, Idaho and Colorado have been discovered, although hundreds of creeks have been prospected, and probably not less than ten thousand claims have been located in Alaska and the Northwest.

There is nothing so remarkable in the pay found in Eldorado, the richest of all the creeks so far discovered. The best pans found there do not compare with many that were found in California and elsewhere. It is true that the pay is more evenly distributed than was usually the case in California and other diggings in the Western States, and this makes the whole creek rather remarkable for the total amount of gold contained in its deposits.

But in all of Eldorado there are not over three, or at most four, miles of rich ground, and some of this will probably not come up to the general reports of the richness of the creek.

FEW VERY RICH CLAIMS.

On Bonanza, the second richest creek in the Klondike district, a few claims have proved rich enough to drift. It is not claimed here by men in the best position to know that at most more than one hundred claims on Bonanza have been shown to be valuable. Those would cover a length of a little less than ten miles of the creek.

During the last few weeks the North American Transportation and Trading Company have purchased for the Cudahy-Haley Klondike Mining Company, of Chicago, twelve claims on Bonanza for $895,000. All of these have been proved of value, and six are reported as among the richest on the creek.

At this rate the whole 100 claims could be purchased for about $7,000,000.

Aside from these claims on Eldorado and Bonanza creeks, there are none in the Klondike district in the many creeks which have been located which are claimed to be as good as the average of Bonanza. There are any number of surface prospects that give promise of good mines, particularly on Hunker and two of the branches of India River, but the fact that the most promising claims in these creeks don't command more than a few thousand dollars show that their value is at best only prospective.

SOME MAY PROVE VALUABLE.

Yet in all this Klondike district, on every creek that has been prospected, there has been proved to be large quantities of ground that will in time pay to work and will yield large sums of gold. Some of these creeks may prove to be as rich as Bonanza or even Eldorado, but so far there is no proof of that.

There have been located up to the present time some 3,000 claims, about 2,500 of which are 500 feet long, and the others 100 feet. This means that between 250 and 300 miles in length of creeks have been located.

Within the same district are other creeks which will doubtless in time be taken up, and it is safe to say that when the cost of working has been considerably reduced and improved methods introduced a large part will pay and pay well.

Estimates as to the amount of gold contained in Eldorado and Bonanza creeks may be pretty accurately made when nearly all the mines shall have been prospected next spring. So far as is now known the only mines of proved value on Eldorado are about thirty of the first forty-seven mines, which extends up to the forks of Chief and Eldorado.

Above that but few good claims have been found. A large part of the mines in Bonanza from forty-three above to seventy below discovery, or 114 in all, have been proved of value.

TINIEST OF WATCHES.

Runs for Twenty-Eight Hours and Is the Smallest Timepiece in the World.

The smallest watch in the world is at present on exhibition in a show window in Berlin. It is the latest triumph in the art of watchmaking—the art that has made such wonderful progress within the last decade.

The lilliputian timepiece was made in Geneva. Following are given some of the tiny dimensions of its works.

The diameter of the little watch is less than half an inch. The exact measurement is 10.1-2 millimetres, or .4137 inch.

Its thickness is 3 millimetres, or .1182 inch, being but little more than a tenth of an inch.

The length of the minute hand is 2 4-10 millimetres, or .09456 inch. That of the hour hand is 1.3-10 millimetres, or .05122 inch.

The entire works of the tiny watch comprise ninety-five individual pieces, and its exact weight is 14.3499 grains, or, according to the metric system, 93 centigrammes—less than a single gram!

After having been wound up with the diminutive key the watch will run for twenty-eight hours. The mainspring when run down has a circumference of 13396 inch. Its weightis 38 milligrammes, or .5902 grain.

The weight of the four main wheels with their springs is 42 milligrammes, or .6468 grain. There are thirteen cogs on the little cylinder wheel, which has a circumference of 2 millimetres, or .0788 inch, and weighs .75 milligramme, or .01155 grain.

The balance has a circumference of 3.57 millimetres, or .140658 inch. In one hour it completes 18,152 revolutions, travelling a distance of 9.842 feet 8 inches.

The most delicate tools and measuring instruments were made specially for the construction of this lilliputian pensive, and the selling price of the making of the timepiece was very expensive, and the selling price of the watch is comparatively low, being $1,250.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

A Kansas literary society is to debate the question: "Is it cold or hot where Andree is now?"

During December 6,423 children applied for lodging at Mexico City's public dormitory, or an average of more than 207 a day. There were 5,416 boys and 1,007 girls, all less than 15 years old.

Missourians are inclined to think that William Goforth must originally have had "and sin" suffixed to his name. He was arrested last month in that State, and is wanted in other towns on fifty-two charges of obtaining money under false pretences. He is 60 years old.

"The indulgent care with which the Lord watches over fools," in the words of a Western writer, was recently attested in Fort Scott, Kan., when a forgetful man built a fire in a stove on top of which he had left a can of kerosene and a package of powder, and neither exploded.

The Central Presbyterian Church of Baltimore for its last communion service had to secure a preacher from another city because the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Smith, pastor emeritus of the church, who is temporarily filling the pulpit, as the pastorate is vacant, absolutely refuses to officiate or even to assist at a communion service at which unfermented wine is used.

When a young hunter of Cumberland, Md., failed to come home at night a searching party set out and found his body lying beside a big tree trunk that had fallen. It was supposed that he had stumbled in climbing over the log and in some way caused the accidental discharge of his gun. His two dogs stood beside the body. It was their howling that guided the searchers to the spot.

A cholera-proof hog of big-bone Berkshire stock, which was brought to Tennessee from abroad before the war, died near Falcon, in that State, aged 33 years. For twenty-five years the hog had not been sick, but latterly it had been toothless, and its owner had the food for it boiled. The profits of its progeny had paid for a farm, and its owner buried it on his place and set up memorial stones to mark the grave.

For the benefit of a conductor who had suffered an accident which endangered his earning ability, the Consolidated Electric Company of Santa Barbara Cal., gave the gross receipts of its lines for one day, while he was in hospital. His case appealed to his fellow workmen and the public, as he had been a faithful employee, and was the sole support of his mother. The other employees of the company on the same day gave their day's earnings to him, and patrons of the road had conductors ring up sums ranging as high as $20. The car receipts amounted to $327.05.

After twenty years of legal fighting, mainly in the Federal courts, a Leavenworth, Kan., woman, who was bound to recover the insurance on her husband's life, got the State administration to back her in a suit in the Kansas State courts, and at last secured $22,100, which included interest on the policies of one company. Of this sum the lawyers got half, under the original contract made when the suit was first instituted. During the dependency of the suit the woman married again. She says that the company from which she recovered had been "sandbagged" by its own Kansas attorneys. She expects now that other companies concerned will pay up.

Mrs. Sarah Stanley Gray died at Lawrence, Kan., last month, at the age of 95 years, after a somewhat remarkable life. She rode on horseback in 1829, with her husband, from Hagerstown, Md., to western Ohio, and they settled in the wilds, where they brought up five sons and four daughters. Both of Mrs. Gray's grandfathers and her father had fought in the Revolutionary war. She had two rules of life, patriotism and religion. When the war of the rebellion began all of her sons and the husbands of three of her daughters went to the front. It is said that as long as she kept house, subsequent to 1829, not a pound of butcher's meat was served at her table, the gun bringing down all the family wanted.

An eloquent Methodist revivalist of Galaloosa, Kan., produced a powerful effect on numbers of young people of the place, but they couldn't quite bring themselves to go to what the Salvation Army calls the penitent form, on the front benches, because they were jolly young people and enjoyed frequent dances. An Episcopal clergyman, seeing a way to increase his congregation preached a sermon in which he made it clear that his Church did not regard dancing as a sin. When the news spread the young people permitted themselves to be converted at the revival services, and then joined the Episcopal church. The revivalist thereupon accused the Episcopal brother of unfairness. They met in a newspaper office and had a warm tilt, but, as the local editor said, only their spiritual bodies were harmed.

JOHNNY'S HANDS.

Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school.

Johnny, with a far-away look,—Yes'm.

Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?

Johnny—I—I carried home th' Sunday school paper, an'—an' th' outside page is all about Jonah an' th' whale.

THE EXPEDITIOUS REFORMER.

Have you broken any of your good resolutions yet?

Yes. I always break them all the first week—so as to have it over with.

THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

THE TIMES PRINTING CO.

Thos. Miller, Manager.

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JOB PRINTING

Our Job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at hortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1898.

THE SENATE.

The Senate's action in throwing out the Yukon Bill has been made the occasion of an almost universal attack upon that body as a Canadian institution; not because it rejected the bill, but because its action shows how that body,—composed of less than a hundred worn-out politicians, representing nothing and nobody,—can thwart the will of the people and check legislation passed in the commercial interests of the country.

Without any reference to its action,—although we believe that action was dictated by partisan rather than patriotic motives, for who doubts that if a Conservative Government had sent the Yukon Bill to the Senate it would not have been thrown out,—there will scarcely be any two opinions but that the Senate should be abolished or reformed. As it exists at present, and as it has for many years existed, it is costly, mischievous, useless, and it might be said, needless. During thirty years it has cost Canada $6,000,000. The most mischievous action of its drowsy career was that taken on the Yukon Bill, by which our merchants will lose a round million at least. If it were not useless it would have thrown out the infamous franchise law of 1885, of which those who fathered it are now ashamed; and rejected the enormous land grant to the C. P. R., in consequence of which the settlers of the North-West have suffered much and are likely to suffer for some time to come. That it is needless is amply proven by its record and by the experience of Ontario, which, lacking an upper house, has been better governed than Quebec, equipped with the worn-out relic of aristocracy and irresponsibility. If it were accustomed to perform the functions set for it by the Fathers of Confederation—that is review carefully all legislation sent to it from the Commons and revise and amend—it might have some excuse for existing, but for many years it has been a mere rubber stamp, registering the decrees of the lower house, fixing as it were its "we too" signature to the legislation sent it. Whenever it did interfere it was usually to destroy a good measure like the combines bill, the bicycle bill or some other measure designed in the public interest.

That the majority of the people of Canada desire to see the Senate abolished or reformed is a fact that will scarcely be questioned, and if its recent action will hasten the desired and much needed change, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Teslin Railway Bill will not have lived in vain.

THE ELEVATOR MONOPOLY.

If there is one thing more than another that the farmers of the West desire to see abolished, that thing is the elevator monopoly, by which the elevator men and the C. P. R. played partners last season with great success. They won every time. That there is a grievance scarcely anybody will have the hardihood to deny. To prove that the elevator privileges granted by the C. P. R. gives the grain buyers a monopoly and enables them to combine to the detriment of the farmer it is only necessary to point to the many complaints that have been made by the western farmers and eastern millers between whom the elevator men work their game. Many of the local buyers who were at first favorably disposed to the privileges, now bitterly oppose them, as they realize the injury done. But perhaps the strongest argument that can be advanced is the way in which the elevator men are fighting for the continuance of the privileges, which are now threatened to be withdrawn. They know that it means dollars and cents to their pockets.

It would be superfluous to go into the workings of the monopoly. The farmers of the West know how it works to their sorrow, and understand it thoroughly. The principle is a wrong one, and it should not be necessary to prove that the farmers have been robbed of a round million in order to secure righteous legislation. The C.P.R. has cost the western farmer twenty-five million acres of land and twenty-five million dollars in hard cash, and in view of this fact it seems only reasonable that they should be allowed the privilege of shipping their grain in the way that will bring them the most money and selling it on a free and open market. If they lose by so doing they have nobody to blame; but we venture the opinion that after the average farmer has spent a year's labor on a field of wheat he can be trusted to sell it in the best market and get the highest price obtainable.

There has been for some weeks a Bill before Parliament dealing with the monopoly clause, and it looks as though it would become law despite the lobbying against it. It has the unanimous support of the western Members. Mr. Sifton and the Minister of Agriculture are as usual with the farmers. The people are watching with interest the progress it is making and hope by next season they will be free to ship their grain direct if they choose.

THE DOMINION BUDGET.

Finance Minister Fielding delivered the Budget on Tuesday week. The deficit for the year ending June 30, 1897, which Mr. Foster claimed would be several millions, is only $519,000. Mr. Fielding estimates a surplus of $550,000 for the current year, and a surplus of $1,376,000 for the next year. Our financial position is now so strong that it will not be necessary to issue a single treasury note or borrow a dollar this year.

Of tariff changes there are not many. Sugar duties are changed slightly in a way that will operate as a small increase. A change was necessary to equalize an existing inequality. As to preferential trade, after August 1st, the products of Great Britain and India and the West India Islands are to enjoy a 25 per cent. preference when entered direct into Canada. No foreign Government will enjoy any preference as they now do, so that the tariff remains much as it was, but the clauses in regard to preferential trade have been properly narrowed down to our own empire. The Government's action, in extending the preferential clause to the West Indies, notwithstanding their comparatively high tariffs on our products, will be commended all over as another contribution from this country toward binding the empire together.

Mr. Fielding gave it to be distinctly understood that the Government do not look upon the present tariff as a finality. He warned manufacturers to expect further reductions.

OUR POSTAL SYSTEM.

In no department are the advantages attendant upon the change of Government more pronounced and conspicuous than under the Postmaster-General. Mr. Mulock has already almost wiped out the $800,000 deficit bequeathed by his predecessor. The postal note system which will shortly be in force will furnish an inexpensive method of transmitting small sums of money. There is good prospect of his securing a change in the regulations of the Postal Union to allow the reduction of the letter rate to Britain. The two-cent domestic rate is now a tangible proposition Mr. Mulock's business-like and economical methods of administering the postal system have made possible this material reduction, which is calculated to give universal advantage and will meet with corresponding appreciation. His proposal to re-impose a light postage rate upon newspapers gives rise to differences of opinion, but upon the whole the circumstances appear to warrant the step, and we can easily conceive that such action may at once and permanently result in benefit to legitimate newspapers by way of weeding out publications which at present exist without good reason.

ELECTIONS IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

A great number of people are inclined to look upon political elections—especially Dominion elections—as exceedingly corrupt affairs; but the perusal of the following from a Belfast (Ireland) exchange will probably convince the pessimist that they are not so bad after all:

Writing of the Oxfordshire election in 1754, Walpole informs Sir Horace Mann: "A knowing lawyer said today that, with purchasing tenures, votes, and carrying on the election and petition, £55,000 will not pay the whole expenses." If it is costly to contest a county, it is equally costly to contest a borough. In 1761 we find an exact account of the articles consumed at dinner by the voters of a small borough only on the day of electing their members, exclusive of veal, mutton, poultry, pastry, &c., and a preparatory breakfast, — which last alone amounted to £756—980 stone of beef, 315 dozen of wine, 72 pipes of ale, and 365 gallons of spirits converted into punch.

A short time before the Reform Bill Lord Monson paid £100,000 for Gatton, which contained about twenty-five houses and rather more than one hundred inhabitants. After the election it was usual in most boroughs in the unreformed Parliament to give gratuities to the electors. At Hull and Beverley you were expected to give three or four guineas; in the smaller boroughs as much as twenty. "You will do what is usual, sir, after the election?" was the question, to which the candidate was bound to give an affirmative reply.

During an election at Sudbury four cabbages sold for £10, and a plate of gooseberries fetched £25. In the memoirs of Sir Foxwell Buxton we read how it was at Weymouth during an election. "This is the sixth day of polling," writes Mr. Buxton, "and there is every probability of six days more. The election is carried on with the utmost violence, and at monstrous expense. It is said that ——— spends £1,500 a day; his party confess to £1,000. He has nine public-houses, and . . . the whole town is drunk."

The biographer of Tom Duncombe tells us that, having bribed handsomely at Hertford, he secured a majority. When in 1832 he was unseated, the seat was said to have cost the successful candidates, Lords Mahon and Ingestre, not less than £14,000. One thing which increased materially the expense of elections was the time they lasted. In 1784 the contest for Westminster, which ended in the return of Mr. Fox, extended over forty days, and was followed by a scrutiny which lasted through nearly two months.

It is often possible to tax one industry through another, without levying the tax where it ultimately rests. This is seen in the way the Transvaal Government increases the royalty on gold mines by means of a tax on dynamite. The Government has secured immense revenues from the gold mines, partly by direct imposts and partly by keeping the dynamite business under strict surveillance and subject to a heavy impost. The tariff on outfits going to the Canadian and American Yukon districts is also in effect an additional royalty or impost on the gold mining industry. The tax collected at the ports of entry is really levied on the gold mining industries and goes into the public treasury to augment the royalties. When the tax is not paid and the domestic products of either country are used on its own territory and sold at protection prices the added royalties go to the producers of the supplies.

The following is a comparative statement of the weight of newspapers transmitted free by the Government in the years 1889, 1891, 1897:

	1889.	1891.	1897.
Ontario	4,902,334	6,313,156	8,272,376
Quebec	3,277,250	3,333,122	6,347,320
Nova Scotia	367,366	434,746	521,458
N. Brunswick	404,798	457,048	541,514
P. E. Island	98,270	110,866	129,390
Manitoba	282,574	296,148	456,856
N.W.T.	20,696	30,524	48,878
B.C.	75,210	133,226	239,704
Totals	9,428,498	11,106,836	16,557,490

Whiskey claimed another victim when David Thomas was found dead in a livery stable at Lethbridge last Friday. An inquest was held and the jury returned the verdict: "That the deceased came to his death as a result of a complication of diseases of several organs of the body, accelerated by exposure, alcoholism, and general neglect of the sustenance of the body."

Smaller herds and more hay is a good rule for ranchers, which, if followed, would mean money in their pockets instead of dead stock on the prairie. Smaller farms and more intelligent cultivation of the soil would make a fortune for many a farmer.

The Prince Albert *Advocate* protests against the manner in which the northern railway mail contract is being violated, though costing $80,000 a year. It suggests that the matter be made the subject of parliamentary enquiry. If the C. P. R. would keep a sufficient force of section men the road could be kept open and there would be no cause for complaint It's different on the Soo line where there is opposition.

The Regina board of trade has just arranged for a visit from Immigration Commissioner McCreary of Winnipeg to confer regarding a visit from a delegation of farmers and immigration to the district generally. Why not have the Commissioner extend his trip to Moose Jaw? Is not our district as good a field for immigration as Regina?

Numerous ice breaking accidents are reported, causing loss of stock and endangering lives. People should beware, as this is the most dangerous time of the year.

Indian Head can now boast of a Board of Trade, as can many other towns of the Territories—Moose Jaw excepted.

When a man owns a blooded horse he is always careful of its health. He looks after its diet and is particular that the feeding shall be regular and right. While he is doing this it is likely as not that he is himself suffering from some disease or disorder. When the trouble gets so bad that he cannot work, he will begin to give himself the care he gave the horse at the start. Good pure, rich, red blood is the best insurance against disease of any kind. Almost all diseases come from impure impoverished blood. Keep the blood pure and strong and disease can find no foothold. That is the principle upon which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery works. It cleanses, purifies and enriches the blood, puts and keeps the whole body in perfect order; makes appetite good, digestion strong, assimilation perfect. It brings ruddy, virile health. It builds up solid wholesome flesh (not fat) when, from any cause, reduced below the healthy standard.

Mark Twain's Retort.

At a New England society dinner some years ago, Mark Twain had just finished a piquant address when Mr. Evarts arose, shoved both hands down into his trousers pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly remarked:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

Mark Twain waited until the laugher excited by this sally had subsided, and then drawled out:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

Skaguay is reported to be the toughest place on earth. Dawson City is reported, on the other hand, to be a model town. The influence for law and order which the Northwest Mounted Police carry with them no doubt pervades the Canadian frontier town.

"Just as Good"

as Scott's and we sell it much cheaper," is a statement sometimes made by the druggist when Scott's Emulsion is called for. This shows that the druggists themselves regard

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the standard, and the purchaser who desires to procure the "standard" because he knows it has been of untold benefit, should not for one instant think of taking the risk of using some untried preparation. The substitution of something said to be "just as good" for a standard preparation twenty-five years on the market, should not be permitted by the intelligent purchaser.



Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

Rheumatism?

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE A UNIVERSAL LIBERATOR.

Relief in six hours! What a glad message to the pain-racked, bed-ridden, despairing sufferer from rheumatism's cruel grasp—and this is a fact, borne out by volumes of evidence, for this greatest of pain conquerors.

Rheumatism is curable—South American Rheumatic Cure is an absolute specific, and radically cures the most stubborn cases in from one to three days.

"I suffered intensely from rheumatism and sciatica. Tried many remedies and many physicians without ever having benefit. A few doses of South American Rheumatic Cure wonderfully helped me; two bottles cured me."—E. Erwin, Morrisville, Ont.

Thousands of timed cures tell the same story—don't suffer an hour longer.—$1.

SOLD BY W. W. BOLE.

Blue stone Barb wire Seed oats Corn

M'PHERSON'S BOOTS

New Goods arriving Daily. Call and get prices before buying.

R. BOGUE.

McDonald & Riddell.

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES

First class rigs and good driving horses to hire on reasonable terms. Draying done to all parts of the town. Best accommodation for the general public.

McDonald & Riddell.

High St., Moose Jaw.

H. McDOUGALL

Dealer in.....

Lumber and Building . . . Material . . .

Moose Jaw, 1st May, 1897.

Flour and Feed.

We have just received another large consignment of

STONEWALL FLOUR, BRAN & SHORTS.

We are now prepared to fill all orders—small or great. The large amount of flour we have sold this fall is proof that we give satisfaction both in regard to price and quality. The farm trade catered to.

Robert Burnett.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

WM. GRAYSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc. Office Main St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T. Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

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T. C. JOHNSTONE, Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, &c., Office: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sts., Regina.

TURNBULL & McCULLOCH. Office in Bole's block, cor. Main and River streets. A. R. Turnbull, M.D., C.M. J. W. McCulloch, M.D.

DR. P. F. SIZE, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S. SURGEON DENTIST, Moose Jaw, Assa. Office at Dining Hall. Open April 11th and 12th.

H. McDOUGALL, Registrar, Moose Jaw District, for Births, Marriages and Deaths.

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SE	34	15	24	Rented
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NW 14 and NE	15	15	25	"
N½	18	16	25	"
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NE	32	18	25	"
NW	16	16	26	"
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SE	12	18	26	"
NW	16	16	27	Rented
NW	24	16	27	To rent
NE	28	16	27	Rented
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SE	12	17	28	Rented
NW	22	18	28	To rent
NE	6	18	28	"

These Farms Have All Been Improved.

Easy terms will be given, both as to time and interest.

My agent, Mr. L. D. Smith, will be at Moose Jaw during the first week of April.

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of the late Donald McLean, late of the city of Windsor, in the Province of Ontario, deceased.

All creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named deceased in the North-West Territories are, pursuant to the order of the Honorable Mr. Justice Richardson dated the 28th day of March A.D. 1898, to send in to John James McLean, of Moose Jaw, in the North-West Territories of Canada, administrator of the estate and effects of the deceased in the North-West Territories, on or before the 16th day of May, 1898, particulars of their said claims, showing the amounts thereof and the security or securities held by them, if any, and the said administrator, on the expiration of the publication of this advertisement in the weekly issues of the Moose Jaw Times between the 28th day of March and the 16th day of May, 1898, shall be at liberty to distribute the assets of the said deceased, or any part thereof, amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which such administrator has then notice, and shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim such administrator shall not have had notice at the time of distribution of the said assets or part thereof as the case may be.

Dated at Moose Jaw, 29th March, 1898.

(Sgd) J. J. McLEAN, Administrator.

3946

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors and others having claims against the estate of John Latham, who died at Moose Jaw, Assiniboia, N.W.T., on or about the 9th day of July, 1890, intestate, to send in their claims properly verified by affidavit showing the amount and particulars thereof and the securities, if any, held by them, on or before the 22nd day of April, 1898, to Maria Latham, Moose Jaw P.O., N.W.T., the administratrix of said estate; and further notice is hereby given that at the expiration of said time the administratrix will proceed to wind up the said estate and distribute the same, taking notice only of such claims as are at that time sent in or delivered to her.

Public Notice is also given that there will be sold by public auction by Oswald B. Fysh, Esq., Auctioneer, at the Ottawa Hotel in the said town of Moose Jaw, on Thursday the 21st April, 1898, at the hour of 3 o'clock p.m., all that parcel or tract of land and premises known and described as the south-west quarter (sw¼) of Section thirty (30), Township seventeen (17), Range twenty-seven (27), west 2nd meridian, District of Assiniboia, N.W.T.

There is situate on the said land and premises a large two-storey frame building.

The property is sold subject to a reserved bid. Terms cash.

For further particulars apply to Oswald B. Fysh, Esq., auctioneer, or Mrs. Maria Latham, Moose Jaw P.O., administratrix, or

W. B. WILLOUGHBY, Solicitor for Administratrix.

Dated at Moose Jaw, March 17, 1898.

The Children's Column.

THE EDITOR INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO HIS FRIENDS

We have something new here. The grown folks have had all this paper for some time, but as its editor calls it a family paper we think it time to provide something for the younger members of the family to read. The fathers read the politics, advertisements, etc; the mothers the births, marriages and deaths,—but the boys and girls will be anxious to see THE TIMES come, for there is to be a column specially for them every two weeks.

In this column you will find interesting stories, bright poems, and pleasant chats about our animal friends, and the things which are happening in the wonderful nature world all around us. We know that our wide awake boys and girls will be eagerly watching for the appearance of the first gopher, the return of the birds,—the robin, the swallow, the canary, and other of our friends who have spent the winter in the warm Southland; the coming of the spring flowers—the brave little blue anemone, which is the first of the flowers to leave its warm resting place and smile us a spring welcome. And in these columns we will try and keep track of these things.

We trust the friends for whom this column is given will make good use of it. We will be glad to hear from them if they have stories of their own, or questions to ask, or news that is of interest. We hope you will like the new idea, boys and girls.

* * *

A SPRING SONG.

Old Mother Earth woke up from her sleep
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear.
Alas! she cried with great dismay,
Oh, where shall I get my clothes?
There's not a place to buy a suit.
And a dressmaker no one knows.

I'll make you a dress, said the springing grass
Just looking above the ground,
A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around.
And we, said the dandelions gay,
Will dot it with yellow bright:
I'll make a fringe, said forget-me-not,
Of blue, very soft and light.

We'll embroider the front, said the pansies sweet,
With a lovely purple hue:
And we, said the roses, will make you a crown
Of red, jewelled over with dew.
And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade
Where the ladies' ear-drops live;
Orange is the color for any queen
And the best we have to give. —Selected.

* * *

THE BUDS

Last fall when Jack Frost came and turned the leaves all red and yellow, they flew away with the wind and left the branches bare. Do you know what the tree has done since then? No! Then I must tell you. She made little buds so that there will be new leaves in the places where the old ones used to be. These buds are the tree's babies.

The tree has more babies than ever the old woman who lived in the shoe had. She takes better care of them, too. Each baby has a cradle of its own with soft white blankets to wrap itself in.

The bud's cradle is made of brown scales which keep out the rain and snow. Inside the scales is a soft downy lining which keeps the baby bud warm and protects it from the frost. This is the bud's blanket.

When Mother Tree puts her babies in their cradles she whispers, "Go to sleep now and wait till spring comes." Then the cold north wind rocks the cradles while the branches sing and the buds sleep all the winter through.

But a change is taking place in the buds now. Already they are growing larger. Some are stirring in their cradles. They are waiting for the south wind to take away the snow. Then the sunshine will smile on them and say, "Come, little buds, it is time to wake up"; and the buds will burst through their coverings, sending out green leaves to make their mother look beautiful.

* * *

THE VENTURESOME BUDS.

Last autumn, when winter was taking
His last cosy nap in his bed,
And each little leaf-bud was sleeping
With blankets pulled over his head,
We crept half-way out of our cradles;
The sun kissed us sadly; the air
Was colder by far than we liked it;
The pines whispered softly, "Beware!"
But just then old Winter came roaring
And rushing down over the hill:
At the first awful blast of the trumpet
Our poor little hearts stood still.
He clutched us so with cold fingers
We nearly were choking to death;
And rustled us so with his breezes
We nearly were losing our breath.
And then, growing tenderer to us,
He made us white hoods, warm and nice,
And fastened them under our noses,
With quaint little buckles of ice.
But, an hour ago, a dear robin
Perched here on our trembling spray,
And sang, and sang, and sang, and sang,
Till he sang old Winter away.
Now we must each meet the Springtime,
With a frost bitten nose or an ear;
We shall sleep, like all sensible buds,
When Winter comes round next year.
—From "Nature in Verse."

* * *

SOLDIER JOE.

Tommy leaned on his snow-shovel, looking very much discouraged. Only yesterday he had cleared off the walk, and now here it was quite blocked up again. Too bad! He was sure he could never shovel away all that snow.

Then he heard a noise in the next yard, and looked over the fence to see what was going on. First he saw a shower of snow flying up in the air, and then Joe's shovel and his small blue mittens, and last of all little Joe himself, working away as if he went by steam. He had shovelled a long, clear path, shut in on each side by two high white, clean walls.

"O Joe! Ain't you tired?" called Tommy.

"No!" said Joe, stoutly, "I'm a soldier now."

"You see," he went on, "I used to get tired till sometimes I almost hated my shovel. But mamma told me that the snow was a great army, all dressed in white uniforms, that came and took our town in the night. They block up our streets and walks, and try to keep us shut up in our houses.

"But there is another army of men and boys that go out and drive 'em off with shovels, no matter how fast they come. And I am in that army. If I was the only one that had to fight the snow, it would be sort of lonesome; but there's such lots of us that it's just fun!"

Tommy thought a minute, and concluded Joe was right. So he joined the army, too; and very soon his walk was cleared.—*Youth's Companion.*

OUR INDIANS

The annual report of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

The annual report of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, the Hon. Clifford Sifton, for the year ending 30th of June 1897, has been printed. In his report to the Minister, Mr. J. A. Smart, the deputy, considers it a matter of congratulation that no portion of the Indian population had suffered any serious hardship or reverse during the year. With regard to the refugee Crees, deported from Montana and repatriated in the Northwest Territories, the efforts to encourage them to resume the pursuit of agriculture have been partially successful. A good many, however, have wandered away again. The Indians in British Columbia, the Territories and Manitoba are yearly getting to appreciate better the value of live stock, which they find more reliable than grain and more profitable. The problem of how to get rid of the Indian ponies, which they used to exchange for cattle, has been solved by the market furnished in the Klondike, where they are specially fitted for the purposes of packing. The earnings of the Indians throughout the Dominion are put down at about $2,400. The amount expended for relief is gradually becoming less, last year it being $190,817. In dealing with the questions of temperance and morality, the report states that taking all the circumstances into consideration, including a predisposition to indulge in strong drink, it reflects credit upon the Indians as a people that temperance prevades them to the extent it does. During the year 285 Indian schools were in operation throughout the Dominion, with an enrollment of 9,628 pupils, and an average attendance of 55 per cent. The day schools number 232, with an enrollment of 6,877, and an average attendance of 46 per cent. There were 22 industrial schools, with an average attendance of 1,550, costing $212,000. The Government expenditure upon education during the year was $306,953, and the report recommended caution with regard to any further increase to this expenditure, which increased between the years 1880 and 1890 from $18,000 to $250,000. Of the 673 islands in the River St. Lawrence, the property of the Indians, placed in the market in July, 1894, 205 had been disposed of for $36,463. The balance have for the present been withdrawn from sale. The reorganization of the department, which took place during the year, the change of the Indian Commissioner's office from Regina to Winnipeg, the abolition of the Inspector's office at Winnipeg, the creation of inspectorates and the dispensing with clerks at various agencies, as well as the reduction of salaries, which were considered unnecessarily high, effected a saving of $27,000 a year without any detriment to efficiency.

The Good Old Way.

Some years ago, David Barker, a distinguished poet in the State of Maine, after the birth of his first child, wrote and published the following pretty poem:—

One night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasant dreams
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of pain
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
And find his way to Heaven again.

John G. Saxe, not to be outdone and deeming that injustice had been done to St. Peter, wrote the following as St. Peter's reply:

Full eighteen hundred years or more
I've kept my gate securely fast;
There has no "little angel" strayed,
Nor recreant through the portal passed.

I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor left the door of heaven ajar,
Nor has a "little angel" left
And gone down with a falling star.

Go ask the blushing bride, and see
If she don't frankly own and say
That when she found that angel babe
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That should your number still enlarge,
You will not do as done before,
And lay it to old St. Peter's charge.

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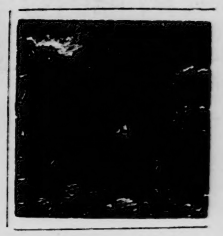
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Church Directory.

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Pastor—Rev. H. C. Sweet.
Services—Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; B. Y. P. U. Monday evening at 8 o'clock; Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.
All are cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. J. C. Cameron, B.A.
Services—Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; Monday, Y.P.S.C.E. at 8:00; Wednesday, Prayer Meeting, 8.00.
Everybody welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. T. Ferrier.
Weekly Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; E. L. of C. E. onday evening at 8 p.m.; Prayer eetin g Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.
The public are cordially invited. All seats free.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. (ANGLICAN.)

Incumbent—Rev. Wm. Watson.
Sunday Services—Holy Eucharist at 8:30 a.m. Mattins and Sermon, 11 a.m. Holy Eucharist every alternate Sunday after Mattins. Sunday School, 2 p.m. Bible Class for Adults, 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon, at 7 p.m.
Weekday Services—Friday, Evensong and Address, 7:30. Holy Eucharist on Holy Days and Saint's Days.
All seats free. Everybody welcome. Hymns Ancient and Modern are used,

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160 acres, 95 cultivated. Rent or on shares. Verity plow, disc seeder and drag harrows for sale. Apply, LAWRENCE B. KING. 34ptf

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Stonework

Farmers and others requiring stonework or rooms repaired before Kalsoming will do well to consult me. Work by day or contract. Prompt attention. MARTIN BURNS. 42p

FOR SALE.

Twenty pure bred Polled Angus bulls and heifers (all registered) one and two years old. Will sell them at reasonable prices. Can be seen at Oak Lake ranche. Write to G. B. MURPHY, Carberry, Man. 40-48.

BULL FOR SALE.

The thoroughbred bull Prince of Boharm (pedigree 22233) for sale; color red; calved April 1st, 1897; got by Ranger (16395), dam Empress of India. Price $65.00. F. W. GREEN, Moose Jaw. 36tf.

WANTED.

Applications wanted for the position of Janitor of the Moose Jaw School. Duties to commence May 1st. Applicants to state salary required. Applications to be in by 1st May. For further particulars apply to SEYMOUR GREEN, Secretary. 40tf.

SHORTHAND.

Isaac Pitman's system taught by correspondence. New method of teaching. Success guaranteed. Terms moderate. Nature's own writing. Anyone can learn by our method of teaching. Eighteen years experience. Write for terms to REGINA SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND, Regina. 18tf.

HERDING.

Parties intending to send horses to herd will do well to give the same to the undersigned for the summer. Good pasture, four sections of fenced land for night. That well known horse, General Thorpe, will stand for service on the ranche. Charge for mares for season and herding only $10. Herding horses, $5 for a pair; $2.25 each for herds of three or more. Will be in Moose Jaw May 12th; at Mr. Gilmour's, Jr., May 13th. Horses delivered in MOOSE JAW at end of herd law. Strictly cash, before horses are taken away in the fall. Herd in the Qu'Appelle Valley. AXOUS WILKIE, Cottonwood P.O., Assa. 37 39

STRAY HORSES.

Strayed from my ranche at Eyebrow Lake, about October 1896,—One bay stallion, white face; one bay mare, large white face; one bay mare, white dash in face; one bay mare, white star on forehead, white spot on nose, all branded TF (combination) on right shoulder; also one chestnut stallion, white face, branded F on right shoulder. The above horses are all heavy Clydesdales and three-year-olds. During spring of 1897 one bay mare, two years old, white star on forehead, branded TF (combination) on right shoulder. A liberal reward will be given for information leading to their recovery. THOS. FRANKS, Moose Jaw, Assa. 38tf

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MAIN STREET, - - MOOSE JAW



The old-fashioned watchman who prowled about the streets of medieval London, with a lantern in his hand to proclaim his coming, and who announced his passage through the streets by shouting "All's well," was a very inefficient protector when compared with the metropolitan police of New York City, commonly known as the "Finest." The modern policeman does not proclaim his coming to the evil doer by shouting or by carrying a lantern. He does his work more quietly and effectively than the old-fashioned town watchman.

It is thus that in all the walks of life and in all occupations, times change and knowledge and efficiency increase. In this respect medical science has kept pace with the advance in other lines. Physicians and chemists have grown rapidly more skillful. There are medicinal preparations now-a-days that cure diseases that were a few years ago considered absolutely incurable. The final triumph in this respect is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It was first given to the world thirty years ago, and has stood the test ever since that time. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchial, throat and kindred affections. Thousands who were hopeless sufferers, and had been given up by the doctors, have testified to its marvelous merits. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life giving elements of the food, and the nerves strong and steady. It acts directly on the lungs and air-passages, driving out all impurities and disease germs. An honest dealer will not try to persuade you to take an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pennies added profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. At all medicine stores.

YOU'LL FIND IT IN WAGHORN'S GUIDE

Cattle At Swift Current.

The Swift Current correspondant to the Medicine Hat *News* says:—This has been a very fine winter taking it all together, but stock had several things to fight against. 1st. there was too much burnt prairie and they kept drifting on to it; 2nd; the wolves harassed them a good deal; 3rd. a large number were scabbed and could not graze in the wind; and 4th. and last and worst, the high winds in the latter half of March was very hard on them. Still after all the loss will be very small. If cattle could have been kept from drifting on to burnt ground they would come through in better condition, in fact many of them would have been fit for beef. We want more fire guards and better ones too. The C. L. & R. Co.'s sheep have also done well this winter. They had to feed more than usual as their grazing land was burnt last fall. Some cattle are mangy; no doubt it is the disease as described in *The News* of February 10th, as Pitvriasis. The Aberdeen Angus and Durham breeds have it worse than the Herefords. These latter are also in much better condition.

FOR THE NERVOUS.

And Emaciated, South American Nervine is a Rich, Deep Health Fountain and Never Fails.

Nervous exhaustion, bad digestion, impoverished blood are the diseases imprinted on many a brow. South American Nervine has a marvellous power as a nerve tonic, a blood builder and stimulator. Tones the system, clears, regulates and dispels depression and restores the good spirits essential to good health. George Webster, of Forest, writes: "For years I suffered much from sleeplessness, nervousness, twitch muscles and palpitation. All remedies failed but South American Nervine. The first bottle greatly helped, and five bottles cured me. I feel I owe my life to it."

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WAGHORN'S GUIDE AT RAILWAY STATIONS 50

A Bunch of Violets

Mrs. Van Bleek descended the broad stair-case of her beautiful home, slowly drawing on her gloves. Lightly tripping down after her came her young niece.

"I'm ready, auntie," said she, "and I think John is waiting at the door."

"John," said Mrs. Van Bleek almost sharply; "I am going to walk to church."

"Pardon me, auntie, it is my fault, I see; John asked me an hour ago, 'is mistress going to church?' and I answered 'yes;' he must have taken my answer as an order for the carriage."

Mrs. Van Bleek had set apart that hour for preparation for the early Communion, and a part of that preparation was to be a leisurely walk to the church. It irritated her to find in so small a thing one of her plans frustrated, but with a sweet change of manner she said, "We will ride, Gertrude—I wanted to walk, and I knew you wouldn't mind; but come, now, dear."

At that instant a door at the end of the hall opened, and a child's voice called; "Mamma! Oh, please, mamma wait! Won't you wear my flowers?"

A look of surprise was on Mrs. Van Bleek's face when she saw her little lame daughter hurrying towards her on her crutches with a bunch of sweet violets in her hand. She sat down and lifted her into her lap, pressed the brown ringlets back from the delicate face, and kissed her softly. "Mary my child!" was all she said.

"I couldn't sleep, mamma, and Estelle let me get up and be dressed. I knew you were going to church; and see, I have been into the green house with Estelle to get these for you to wear, my precious mamma!"

Her little fingers were fastening them on the sealskin garment, and she was saying, "Aren't you glad my flowers can go to church though I cannot?"

The drive to the church was in silence. Gertrude knew well that pain of heart was betrayed by the pallor of her aunt's face. The mother's poor heart! The hour's struggle for a fitting frame to come to this Holy Communion, and then, a moment of childish weak vexation, a sting of painful rebellion against God's will, caused by the unexpected meeting with her crippled child. She had tried so hard to put out of her mind what the physician had said the day before, but now, over and over the words said themselves in her mind, "It is incurable; there is no other alternative than—early death, or years of painful treatment."

She set her lips tightly and crushed her hands together in her muff, and sat in silence. At the church door she got out of the carriage without a glance behind her, went with haste into the church, and letting her niece go into one pew, purposely chose another for herself, fell on her knees and cried out her agony with bitter tears; strength the "heavenly benediction" of the Blessed Sacrament was hers. Her soul seemed uplifted to endure for Him who bore for her His soul-pain.

Outside John was arranging the fur robes of the carriage, taking out each one and shaking it, for he had plenty of time and little to do. He did not see that one long-stemmed purple violet was shaken from the robe on to the stone walk. He did not see that a little boy in rags greedily snatched the flower as it fell, running as if afraid of pursuit, around the corner. He did not see. What was a violet left on a cold pavement? What was a ragged boy with freezing bare feet? What, to a respectable coachman like John? So John arranged and then rearranged the rich, warm furs, and waited. The boy's winged feet sped; by his alley-route he had not far to go to reach a tumbling wooden block and a basement room.

At the head of the alley, Sammy, his boon friend saluted him; "I say! a posy! give us one! Do Jim!"

"Give us one—don't yer see as one's all I got," and then more gently, "this an's for Susie." Even Sammy yielded that argument, and added only: "But tell a feller where yer got the posy, Jim."

"Up to the church, on the avenoo. Some lady dropped it out ter her button-hole, I reckon."

Down the icy, rickety steps went Jim into the miserable room. He paused for a second as if to accustom his eyes to the gloom, then said softly to himself: "Ma not home yet. Susie not awake, neither;" and after laying the flower on the couch, went swiftly up the steps and out again.

"Ma ain't home yet. There warn't no supper last night, and Susie must have something to eat, somehow."

These words were to Sammy whom he had overtaken.

They had run on—it was too stinging cold to walk—until the avenue was reached. They stopped a moment, an angle of the church sheltering them from the wind, two pitiful little waifs. Yellow ringlets peeped under and through the ragged knit cap on Jim's head. Sammy's red head had no covering. With aching hands in their trousers' pockets, they stood there, balancing first on one benumbed foot, then on the other, these two little boys, no more than five or six years old.

"It's breakfast and chips we wants, Sammy, yet Sunday's a mighty hard day to find breakfast; but chips"—"My boots, Jim!—the posies!" and animated by one impulse they dashed towards the carriage.

"Lady, give me a posy—please, ma'am!" said Sammy.

The elder lady did not hear the pleading voice; Gertrude, with a smile like a summer morning, took the bunch of roses from her own coat, divided them into the hands of the two children, and got into the carriage after her aunt.

An hour later Mrs. Van Bleek was again descending the staircase into the handsome hall; she had been on her knees in wordless prayer; her beautiful face had lost its sternness and its sadness was softened with the new peace gained at the Blessed Sacrament. There came a peculiar sort of rap at the hall door, like a child pounding with strong fists.

At the same time a ringing of the bell. She was so near the door she opened it herself. What a descent from the Mount of Transfiguration to the common life of earth!

Within the vestibule stood two boys in rags and dirt, one bare-headed, holding a rose in his dirty hands. The other, with yellow hair, great blue eyes. "We wants to see the lady," said he. "But that ain't my lady," exclaimed the bare-headed boy; "we wants the pretty lady."

"Gertrude, is this one of your admirers?" asked Mrs. Van Bleek, beckoning Gertrude to the door. "Her's the one," shouted Jim.

"Yes, tell her," prompted Sammy. But little Jim was suddenly overcome with shyness. Fortunately for both, Sammy was brave enough to state, "Him wants something to eat for Susie, and some chips."

"Who is Susie?" inquired Gertrude, gently. "Auntie, could they go around to the kitchen? they are shaking with cold, and must have some breakfast."

"Come this way, little boys," was the kind answer; and with careful steps and dazed eyes, they followed the ladies.

Again little Mary came through the hall, moving wearily with her crutch, and Jim, in a loud whisper, said to Sammy. "Do you think Susie could walk on one o' them things?"

It was the mother's ear that heard this time, "Is Susie—lame?" she asked with quivering lips.

"She can't walk none—lies abed, ma'am."

"Oh! mamma!" exclaimed little Mary as if the thought of it were as a keen pain to her.

"Won't you go into the dining room pet, and mamma will come directly to breakfast—and—yes, I will tell you more about Susie when I come."

Down in the kitchen she went; ordered a warm breakfast for the two boys, and another to be packed for them to carry; also a basket of coal. "I will come to-morrow to see your sister, little boys," she said.

"Jim's sister, ma'am, I'm only his pard," ventured Sammy.

Mrs. Van Bleek smiled and her heart was full of pity as she sent them away.

"It may be all a humbug, Gertrude," she said afterwards, "but they are such little fellows! And oh, Gertrude! it may be I am doing for Mary's sake instead of the Master's, but the thought of that lame Susie makes my heart ache."

Gertrude answered: "No, no, auntie dear, blue eyes as honest as those can be trusted."

The following day, early, they set out, and with many difficulties found the "Barn Block," which proved to be the Brown Block.

Jim was on the crazy steps, evidently waiting. A delighted grin was his welcome, as he went down the steps and pushed open the door into the room. How dark it seemed! Gertrude hung back, the cellar odor almost choking her, but in a moment she followed her aunt who was daintily stepping over the muddy pool that the melting ice on the steps was sending into the basement room. What need to describe the place? In that great city there are hundreds like it; and oh! that the angel of pity might enter each one as it surely that morning visited these! In a corner, under a small window, lay Susie on her couch. The only sunshine that would enter during the whole day was just lying across the quilt.

"My poor little girl," Mrs. Van Bleek said softly as she came close to her.

"Are these Jim's ladies?" was the reply in a cheery voice. "Can you sit down, ma'am? Jim, is the chair clean?" Susie raised herself on her elbow, and a faint color came into her thin face.

"The chair"—there was really only one; that was the mother's. Susie never needed one, and Jim—the floor was good enough for him. A box that Sammy had brought in was used for four the day before. Susie's wretched bed was the only other resting place, therefore Gertrude stood. "How did you find us yesterday, Jim?" she asked.

"Sammy an' me runned after the kerridge, ma'am. 'Twas Sammy what wanted to go and ax you for something for Susie to eat. But I daren't."

Meantime, Mrs. Van Bleek had learned all Susie's sad story. As a little child she had walked—that is, hobbled about—then the father, an honest bricklayer, died—their mother drank, and drank oftener after father died; and once Susie was very ill—that was two years ago, and she had never walked a step since. She was eight years old now, she guessed.

Their mother had been gone now two days and three nights. Dear little Jim was so good; but what could such a little fellow do, except to pat her face and say, "I love you, Susie!" And there on the window sill, in a cracked cup, were the roses and the one violet. But they had brought to-day a large bunch of violets and Susie's nose was buried in their sweet depths as she talked—a warm breakfast too, which they made the children eat immediately. They missed Jim a moment, and when he returned Sammy was with him.

"Gertrude," said Mrs. Van Bleek, "there certainly is work remaining, which must be done by the individual Christian. "The Associated Charities no doubt make spasmodic attempts here. The W.C.T.U. leave their tracts here and the drunken mother lights the fire with them. From all that Susie tells me, I judge that the "Gold Cure" has had the mother for a patient. A 'Methodist Benevolent Society' sends clothing—most of which goes for drink. What is needed is the persistent work of one person, devoting time and money, especially time, to a case like this. Thank God, I have the money, I will find the time."

Afterwards in her home, with her precious little daughter, just Jim's age in her lap, she told as much about her visit as it seemed best to pour into such ears.

Mary's eyes overflowed with tears; "Lame, just like me? but she can't walk? Has to lie in bed, and hasn't any mamma, like my mamma?" Then, as if a new thought seized her. "Can't you be Susie's mamma, too? You know just how to be a mamma."

"My precious child!" said Mrs. Van Bleek, folding Mary more closely in her arms.

"And Jim's and Sammy's mamma as well!—Yes, what fun," laughed little Mary, merrily.

In exactly what way Mrs. Van Bleek kept her unspoken promise to be a mother to these poor children, a long story only would tell, but in part the story must be told.

Susie's needs appealed to her inmost heart—Susie first must be helped.

The specialist whom Mrs. Van Bleek had consulted for her own Mary was persuaded to take this pitiable little Susie's case. The drunken mother was placed in a house of reformation. The little boys were admitted to a Church home, and Susie, a happy, patient sufferer, lay in a hospital cot all the winter and spring days.

Three times a week Mrs. Van Bleek made the child a visit—and such varied visits! She read to her, sang to her, taught her Church hymns, told stories drew and painted pictures for her, brought kindergarten playthings for her, but first of all gifts was a beautiful baby doll from Mary, just the right size to cuddle in her arms at night. The dearest thing she could do for Susie was to tell her all the smallest trifles about Mary.

"What dress did Mary have on today? Has she walked downstairs with her crutch to-day? What kind of flowers did Mary pick in the greenhouse before breakfast? Which Dolly did Mary play with, her baby 'Sweetie,' or her lady-doll, 'Elise?'

Patiently and cheerfully Mrs. Van Bleek answered all the childish questions, sometimes holding the small white hand in hers, and always admiring the delicate-featured face, that was daily growing prettier. And all the time Mrs. Van Bleek's care enfolded this little one. Each time when she came the nurses were given special instructions to omit nothing that money could supply for the comfort of this child.

Meanwhile, many so-called duties—social duties—were omitted or deferred by Mrs. Van Bleek. Society said, "Strange that she should shut herself in so much with her little daughter." "Yes, she is a sweet child, and it is a terrible affliction that she is a cripple, but then, since the disease is really incurable, Mrs. Van Bleek will have years of care—and, yes, how much better for her not to shut herself in so, and brood over her trouble."

Not one person knew that the "work for the individual Christian" which she had set her heart and hands to do was that which made it necessary for her to withdraw from the social life where after all, she was not needed. And so the winter days were divided between these two dear children.

Many, many times, during the winter she had regretfully said no to Mary's entreaty to take her to see Susie, and each time it had been almost as hard to disappoint Susie with "No, I couldn't let my darling come today," therefore it was early spring, a day all blue and green and golden, when little Mary was carefully placed in the luxurious carriage and driven very slowly to the hospital.

It could not be anything but a happy moment when Mrs. Van Bleek saw the shy pleasure in the faces of the two little girls brought together at last; but the next brought a pang of pain that froze her heart. At one glance she saw how well and full of health Susie was growing—and, alas! alas! how fragile a flower her own Mary was.

It was then that her heart first knew its coming grief. She went quickly into an adjoining room. "See—see, there is my darling—and—and, look at Susie! God forgive me!" Down went her head on the shoulder of the sympathetic nurse, and passionate weeping relieved a little of her anguish.

When she returned to them the little girls were laughing and chatting about the playthings and flowers Mary had brought.

"I wish I had nice crutches like yours," said Susie.

"P'raps you will have," said Mary.

"And maybe they'll let you stay in this bu'ful hospital sometimes," added Susie, "and Mary, I love your mamma so!" i

"Course you do," answered Mary.

There were very few more visits exchanged, then followed weeks when Mrs. Van Bleek's visits to the hospital had to be substituted by Gertrude's, and then there were long, long weeks when she never went; fortunately at that time Susie was so greatly improved that the physician permitted her twice to ride to Mrs. Van Bleek's home.

Once only, and for a brief time, she saw Mary, then a wan little sufferer on the bed from which she never rose again to health.

The end came when the leaves were crimson and golden. Mary was taken to Paradise. Susie lived here many years, and her life was to the end a blessing to many others. Mrs. Van Bleek gave that portion which would have been her daughter's, had she lived, to found a "child's hospital" where treatment should be especially provided for all spinal diseases. In due time St. Mary's Hospital was erected. "To the glory of God, and in loving memory of Mary Van Bleek."

The Weight of Woman.

Self-constituted judges of the "female form divine" have criticised a statement made recently that woman's proper weight is 135 pounds. Now, the average woman must be neither too long nor too short, neither too thin nor too thick. Juno weighed probably 180 pounds. Had she lived to a good old age she would have weighed 230. Juno was a great big woman of the heroic type. Diana was not so large. She weighed, it has been said, 160. Venus was about the size of the average young woman of to-day, tipping the scales at 138 pounds. The girl of 20 who weighs 135 pounds ought to weigh at 35 years, 145, and she ought not to allow herself to grow any heavier.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

Western Hunter—If you think civilization a failure, and want freedom from all law, all social restraint come with me to the mountains. My bed is of boughs, my table a box, and my chair a keg.

Socialist—Dat suit me. SDat suit me. Vere you get ze beer, eh?

Hunter—It is not a beer keg, but a powder keg.

Socialist—I—I stay me here.

HE KNEW.

Sunday school superintendent— Can any little boy in the class tell me anything about Tyre?

Little boy—Yes, sir; I can. Mine busted one day last summer when I was out on my bike and I had to hoof it home.

PERILS OF THE TORPEDO.

OFFICERS AND CREW ALWAYS FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.

In War Their Tasks Are Forlorn Hopes — Even in Peaceful Times an Error Means Destruction — In Accomplishing the Ruin of a Battle Ship the Torpedo Boat Is Sure to be Destroyed.

There are very few people who realize the dangers braved by the naval officers and crew engaged in the torpedo service. This is, however, the most dangerous branch of the navy, for there is not a moment either in peace or war when the various torpedo boats are on their cruises that the lives of every soul aboard are not in imminent danger of dreadful death. The slightest error in handling these crafts meant certain death for officers and crew, which in case of war the only thing which the men in the torpedo service can look forward to is the chance of escaping from the rapid firing guns of a battle ship, from which in endeavoring to sink with a torpedo the little boat has drawn her fire at close range. Any one acquainted with the modern navies of the world will instantly realize that such a hope is at best a forlorn one. These apparent dangers have served to attract much attention to the torpedo boat service, and there are many who do not believe in sending men upon missions of such imminent peril for so little that can be gained by it. Even recognizing the full strength of what the torpedo boats can do, many believe that torpedo boat warfare is doubtlessly the most terrible "boomerang" style of fighting conceivable. The crew may annihilate scatter to the skies an opposing force, and in a few instances live to tell about it. It is many chances to one, however, that they will themselves die in the ruin they have wrought, victims of their own patriotic bravery.

So little is there to make life bearable on these torpedo boats that in the English navy they are obliged to pick men for torpedo boat service and give increased pay to the entire crew and officers of the flotilla.

It is impossible to avoid this discomfort. The torpedo boats are constructed primarily for speed and their lightness, narrow beam and shallow draught, while enabling them to make fair speed in calm weather, makes them almost unimhabitable in bad weather.

In a recent trip of a torpedo boat across the Atlantic it was found impossible for days at a time to light a fire in the cook's quarters. The officers were so

CRAMPED IN THEIR CABINS

That they were forced to sit with their feet propped up against the sides of the boat. Every one on board, during rough weather, was hurled from side to side of the narrow steel tube until all were a mass of bruises and contusions. To can their troubles they slept with the unpleasant knowledge that beneath them were stored explosives sufficient to blow them beyond the clouds.

The discomforts in time of peace are bad enough, but in war times the torpedo boats may well be called the forlorn hope of the fleet. Enough has been seen of the dangers to show what small chance there is of the boat's crew living through a torpedo duel. The most tragical event of recent naval battles in which a torpedo boat took part occurred on the night following the battle of the Yalu, when the Chinese ships had sought shelter in a convenient bay, with only a small outlet to the sea. Through this opening a Japanese torpedo boat stole during the night to the attack. The commander of the Chinese vessel, Ting-Yuen, and a number of the crew, were on deck, expecting some attack. When signaled by other vessels that the torpedo boat had been sighted the Ting-Yuen began to fire in the direction whence she came. The smoke from the guns made it impossible to see the attacking boat, and the command was given to cease firing. The Chinese commander next discovered the torpedo boat about a half mile distant coming at full speed toward the ship. The gun crew immediately opened fire upon her with all their machine and rapid-fire guns. It was soon seen that she was full of shot holes, through which escaped clouds of steam.

The Japanese succeeded, however, in discharging her torpedo. A dull, muffled report announced the explosion under the quarters of the ship. A column of water was thrown in the air where the ship was struck, and an examination below showed that the protective decks and water-tight door in the bulkheads were leaking badly and the ship was gradually sinking. She was got under way and run into a mud bank on the other side of the bay, where an examination on the following day showed that a hole five by eight feet, had been blown in the bottom of the ship, and that she was

PRACTICALLY A WRECK.

All her compartments were filled with water and the fires extinguished. As the weather was bitter cold, 20 degrees below zero, the ship had to be abandoned.

The fate of the crew of the torpedo boat was simply appalling. She was discovered the following morning floating in the bay. The first man who boarded her found what was left of the crew frozen to death on her decks. The engineer, machinist and fireman had been scalded to death through the cutting of the steam pipes by one of the smaller shots from the machine guns. They were all below decks. The chief engineer was found near the hatchway of the engine room, frozen stiff. It was evident, however, that he had died from the scalds and burns. Out of the entire crew of 14 men not one escaped.

In the war between Chili and Peru it was shown that terrible as were torpedoes when they got here on a vessel's side the chances were all in favor of the torpedo boat being sunk long before she was near enough to do any damage, while, if she succeeded in discharging her deadly missile the chances of her getting away afterward were few. The best the crew could expect would be to sink with the battle ship and die gloriously, knowing that in their deaths they pulled down the enemy too.

So certain is it that slim chances of living can be expected by the officers and crew of a torpedo boat that it has come to be an accepted estimation that 60 to 80 per cent. of the torpedo boats engaged in attacking cruisers and battle ships will go to the bottom with every soul on board. It is a service of death in war times; or dreadful discomfort in time of peace.

FUNNIGRAMS.

Amy (shyly)—"So, in compassion, I —I—kissed him." Mamie —"For pity's sake!"

He—"But you might in time learn to like me." She—"It is not impossible, if you will keep out of my sight.

"Do you know I don't think much of Mawson." "You don't have to. You can size Mawson up in two seconds."

He—"She told me I was the light of her heart." She—"Then what?" He—"Well, her old man came down and put the light out."

Her Father—"Have you heard my daughter sing, young man?" Edwin nervously)—"Y-e-s-sir—but in spite of that —I should like to have her, sir."

"No, I never take the newspapers home; I've a family of grown-up daughters, you know." "Papers too full of crime, eh?" "No, too full of bargain sales."

Edith — "She sings like a canary." Bertha —"Oh, no! a canary begins to sing when people commence to talk; people commence to talk when she begins to sing."

The Missing Evidence — Hattie — "Maude doesn't show her age at all, does she?" Ella—"No; but you can see where she scratched it out of the family Bible."

Sallie De Witte —"Do you play whist, Mr Lange?" Willis Lange— "Me play whist? Well, I don't think." Sallie De Witte—"Ah, true! I had forgotten that,"

"Does that baby of yours talk yet?" "His mother says it does; but if it is talk, then the kid has invented a new code of slang that will make him famous."

His opinion—"What are you doing, Jimmie?" "Reading th' dictionary through." "How do you like it?" "Oh, some o' th' words is good, but others hain't much sense in 'em."

"I should like to know your intentions, sir," said the old man to the youth who had been calling on his daughter with great regularity for a long time. "Same here," replied the young man promptly, "I'd like to know yours."

"Is your sister at home, Willie?" asked Willie's sister's young man. "No; I heard her say she was engaged this afternoon—but don't be frightened; I don't think it's a marrying engagement."

Ethel—"Have you noticed how Lord Slabsides drops his aspirates?" Penelope—"Oh, but that's nothing to the way he drops his vowels—papa says he has got more than a dozen of his i-o-u's."

Dollie—"I wonder why love is represented always with wings?" Mollie —"They are for him to use in flying out of the window when Poverty comes in at the door. Don't you know that much?"

"I have received nineteen proposals, in the last two months." "You don't say! What a large number of suitors you must have. Whom were the proposals from?" "One from Charlie and eighteen from that French count."

"Brown is a lucky fellow. He has so little ear for music that he doesn't know one popular air from another." "I'm better off than Brown. I can recognize one of them before it gets started. So I have a chance to run."

"You will marry a tall, dark gentleman," said the fortune teller, examining the lines in the fair hand. "That doesn't help me any," despairingly replied the lovely blonde who had called to consult her. "All six of them are tall, dark gentlemen!"

Impatient customer—"I thought you advertised quick lunches. I've been waiting for mine for nearly half an hour." Waiter—"It do take a little time to git 'em up, boss, but it'll go quick enough after you gits it. Dey ain't de kind dat las' long."

Mr. Romanz—"I tell you what, a baby brightens up the house, and that's a fact." Mr. Practickel—"Yes, we've had to keep the gas burning all night ever since ours was born.

"Do you think that glasses tend to weaken the sight?" asked Col. Stillwell's friend. And after pensive consideration the colonel replied: "It depends, suh, intiahly on how many you take."

ANOTHER REFORMER.

I heard it all, said the father to his daughter at the breakfast table. You kissed that beau so many times that I had to keep track by the gross. I'm shocked.

I am justified papa. He declares that every kiss I give him makes him a better man and I purpose working his thorough reform.

ALL HE REQUIRES.

A Russian nobleman, Count Rambunsky, has written to Mayor Warwick, of Philadelphia, saying that he has a good-looking son, 24 years of age, who wants to make a Philadelphia woman his wife and a Countess. All he requires is beauty and a dot of $3,000,000.

A LUCKY FELLOW.

Mrs. Sharptongue, querulously—Here you are, earning next to nothing, and our old neighbor, Mr. Quickwit is making $10,000 a year.

Mr. S—Lucky fellow that Quickwit. He's got a job as travelling salesman, and is away from home ten months in the year.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Notes About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

The last survivor of Waterloo has just died in an Irish workhouse, having reached the age of 115 years. He was 33 at the time of the battle, in which he was severely wounded.

A recent fad of Herr Krupp, the German ironmaster, is said to have been the use of iron as a material for his visiting cards. The plate was rolled as thin as the most dainty cardboard.

The inventor of the linotype machine Ottmar Mergenthaler, is spending the winter at Deming, N.M., where he is suffering from consumption, and it is feared he will not live through the winter.

George Washington Stevens, who made a reputation as a newspaper correspondent in the recent Greco-Turkish war is not quite twenty-eight years of age, and is a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford.

Lord Archibald Campbell's daughter Lady Elspeth, is an expert player of the bagpipes, and has made the instrument of her people more favourably known to her fashionable companions than of old.

Nowl Tehuhonevake, the chief of the Iroquois Indians at Caughnawaga, Canada is preparing to visit Queen Victoria in order to secure a renewal of the American treaty of 1873, under which his people can cross the border without paying duty on their manufactures.

The King of Sweden has bestowed on the Scandinavian authoress Clara Tschudi the medal for art and science, it being the first time that a Scandinavian authoress has received this honor. Clara Tschudi's works have already been translated into German, and are mostly on historical subjects.

A signal compliment has just been conferred on English music. Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Sir Arthur Sullivan have been elected members of the Swedish Academy of Music, of which the Crown Prince is President, under a rule enabling the election of a limited number of foreign composers of distinction.

Foreign gossips say that Queen Olga of Greece has an anchor tattoed on her shoulder as a token of her affection for her father, the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia and that Princess Waldemar of Denmark, wife of the sailor son of King Christian, is also marked in like fashion with the addition of a crown.

Miss Marion Hunter, niece of Sir William Hunter has been appointed the female members of the British medical corps sent out to combat the plague in India. She is, or was until lately, the only physician of her sex who holds the Cambridge diploma of public health. The duties of the medical corps are expected to consume six months.

J. F. Williard, a resident of Berlin, and a nephew of Miss Frances Willard has started on an expedition to Bokhara and Asiatic Russia, for the purpose of studying the habits of criminals and vagrants. The Russian Government has furnished him with free transportation throughout the Empire, and the Russian newspapers commend the enterprise.

The Russian gifts being taken to Abyssinia by M. Leontieff include a precious holy image of Saint George the Victorious, destined for a new Abyssinian temple to be built on the memorable field of Adowa and a very handsome sword for Ras Makonnen at Harar. The holy ikon, before being sent off, was blessed and sanctified by the celebrated thaumaturgic priest Father John of Cronstadt.

The Rev. Henry Goot, LL.B. for fifty-seven years the vicar of Wimborne, Dorset, England, died at Weston-super-Mare, the other day, aged ninety-nine years. He possessed the whole of his faculties until very recently, when his sight failed. To the end he was of a most cheerful disposition, and his reminiscences of his early life as a midshipman during the Peninsula war were highly interesting.

It has been generally supposed that the two sons of the King of Siam would complete their education in England. It is now said, however, that the second son is to go to Russia, the reason assigned being that his father wishes him to learn the Russian language. According to news from Openburg, the young prince is to enter one of the great military colleges. Meanwhile the heir-apparent will remain in England.

Lieutenant Olufsen, a Dane, who returned last spring from Central Asia will next year fit out a new expedition to the Pamir regions, in order to make geographical and ethnographical explorations in the northern part of the Wakhan valley. The expedition will be supported by the Danish Government out of the Carsberg fund and will be absent for two years. The party will include two scientific experts.

W. E. H. Lecky is an enthusiastic book hunter. It is related that immediately after his nomination in December, 1895, as a candidate for Dublin University, he retired from the scene of excitement in the examination hall of Trinity College to a well-known Dublin bookseller's establishment where he was quickly absorbed in the purchase of "St. Patrick's Purgatory," a work which his electioneering experience no doubt invested with a special charm.

BIGAMY IN HUNGARY.

Bigamy is punished in a peculiar manner in Hungary. The man who has been foolish enough to marry two wives is compelled by law to live with both of them in the same house. When it comes to the refinements of torture the Hungarians are not so slow.

A POOR SORT OF COW.

Stranger, at Mr. Citiman's new suburban villa—Mornin', my little dear! Is your papa at home? I hear he wants to buy a cow, and I've got one I think would suit him. It's a Jersey cow.

Little Miss—Oh, I don't think papa would want that kind of a cow. They don't give anything but skim milk. We used to board in Jersey.

A CURIOUS LEGEND.

Concerns a Piece of Gold One of the Wise Men Gave Christ.

The 6th of January was a marked day in the calendar of mediaeval times, for upon it fell the feast of the Epiphany—the most popular of Christian festivals—Christmas day only excepted. All good churchmen know that the word Epiphany—meaning the "appearing"—has reference to the star which guided the "three wise men" to the cave-stable at Bethlehem twelve days after the birth of the holy child.

Tradition says that they were three Kings—their names, Melchoir, Balthayar, and Gaspar—the one an Arabian, a descendant of Shem; the second, an Egyptian, of the race of Ham, and the third, Japhat's representative—typical of the world-wide homage to be paid to the incarnate Jehovah.

"Three Kings the King of kings three gifts did bring." Melchoir presented gold in recognition of the sovereignty of the babe; Gaspar, frankincense, in acknowledgment of his divinity, and Balthayar, myrrh, as typical of his human life—destined to be so full of bitterness.

Of the gold offered by Melchoir, there is, according to ancient legend, a very curious history. Originally coined by Terah, the father of Abraham, the money was given by him to his son, upon his departure from the land of the Chaldees. It is stated in the Koran—adopted from Mesopotamean traditions—that the patriarch was forced into exile on account of his monotheistic convictions, and because he would not engage in his father's business, which was the manufacture of idols, of gold and silver. These idols were of the moon-god, "Sin,"—whence the name of the highest mountain of that region—Sinai. The money given by Terah to Abraham was next used for the purchase of the Cave of Macpelah of Ephron the Hittite.

When Joseph's brethren sold him to the Ishmaelites they received these identical pieces of gold in payment—so runs the legend—which they afterward paid to Joseph, when driven,

IN TIME OF FAMINE,

to buy corn in Egypt. Upon the death of Jacob, Joseph sent the money to the land of Sheba to buy spices, wherewith to embalm the body of his father, and they remained in the royal treasury until the Queen of Sheba made her famous visit to Solomon, when, among other gifts, she presented the coins to that opulent monarch.

During the reign of Rhehoboam, Solomon's son, Shishak, King of Egypt, made a successful invasion into Judea, and despoiled the temple, whereupon he presented to his ally and companion in arms—the King of Arabia—the famous pieces of gold as the share of the plunder.

Nearly 1000 years later Melchoir, the apocryphal successor of the Arabian monarch, brought them as a gift to "him, that was called the King of the Jews."

It would seem that the ingenuity of our visionary archeologists might be overtaxed to further connect the itinerant coins with the subsequent events of the New Testament—wherever money plays a part—but they stumble at nothing. The story goes on to say that in the hurry of the flight into Egypt the Virgin mother dropped the gold pieces in a field, where they were afterward found by a shepherd. Not daring to disclose his good fortune, lest he be suspected of dishonesty and the money be taken from him, he kept it by him for many years. In his old age, being afflicted by an incurable disease, he besought the aid of the Christ, who healed him. As a thank-offering he carried his treasure to the temple and laid it upon the high altar. Thus falling into the hands of the high priest the money was paid to Judas as the price of his treachery in the betrayal of his Master.

The fact that the reward agreed upon to be paid to Judas, is spoken of as thirty pieces of silver seems to offer no difficulty. It is explained upon the ground that in the translation "silver" is used as the generic term for money—like "argent" in France.

When, tortured by remorse, Judas returned the money to the priests, they used it for the purchase of the "potter's field, to bury stranger's in"—since which time all trace of the much traveled money has been lost.

CO-OPERATION.

It Is Practiced With Success By a Society of Basket Makers.

In Europe, as is well known, the principle co-operation has been incorporated in many forms as yet untried in this country. A late number of the Economie Journal furnishes interesting particulars concerning a French society of basket makers, which has flourished at Villaines for about 45 years. The workers, about 150 in number, work at their own houses, and supply themselves with osiers at their own cost. The society exists for the purpose of finding a market, and is so successful that the demand is greater than the supply. The society does not concern itself with the delivery of goods. Customers must make their own arrangements to send for them. The society is managed by a committee, but the actual work devolves on the President and on the Secretary, who are the only paid members. The society is reported to be successful and popular and its members prosperous. In instances such as this we may see an indication of the form of co-operation which is sure to become popular among us in the near future.

STEEL FOR POLISHING.

A fibrous preparation of steel, made in the same manner as the so-called "mineral wool," by passing an air-blast through the molten steel, is coming into use for cleaning, polishing, etc., instead of sandpaper.

WHAT HE WANTED.

She—And do you love me for myself alone?

He—Yes. That is to say, I don't want your mother with you.

A VERY DEEP MINING SHAFT.

Circumstances Under Which It Is Being Sunk to Cut a Vein.

The Tamerack Copper Mining Company, of Michigan, is sinking a shaft, which when completed will be over 5000 feet deep, making it the deepest shaft in the world. The shaft is being sunk on land adjoining the Calumet and Hecla mines, and not far from it is one 3000 feet deep. These two shafts will tap the vein of the Calumet and Hecla company at a point off their land. The land belonging to the Calumet and Hecla company was originally patented under the timber act. That was before the copper was known to exist there. The land once being patented as timber land could not be patented as a mineral claim. The result is that the copper company can not follow the vein beyond the side lines of the timber claim. The company did not purchase all the surrounding land, not thinking any one would sink for the vein at such a distance, as it dipped at such an angle. But the Tamerack company did purchase the surrounding land, and is sinking for the vein. Their purchase limits the future operations of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, as the ore in sight can be exhausted in about fifty years, and then it will have to suspend operations, as it can not go beyond its side lines, as the land adjoining is owned by other people.

Health Lost and Found.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG BOY'S TRIALS.

Was Growing Too Rapidly and His Health Gave Way—Several Months' Doctoring Did Him No Good—His Parents Almost Discouraged.

From the Napanee Beaver.

It is truly pitiable to see boys just beginning to realize the possibilities of life stricken down with disease, the escape from which is sometimes thought to be little short of a miracle. Hearing of such a case a reporter called on Mr. J. J. Smith, living near Fredericksburg Station in Lennox Co., and interviewed him regarding the cure of his son who was in bad health and regained it by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Smith is one of the oldest residents in the locality, of direct U. E. Loyalist descent, and has resided all his life on the farm on which he lives. He is consequently well known throughout the district. In reply to the scribe's query he gave the details of the case. "My son, Stanley, was taken sick about the first of February, 1895. He became very deaf and had a dull constant pain in his head. He grew very weak, such a condition being more properly described by the term "general muscular weakness." He was troubled with severe pain in the back and had no appetite, continuing to steadily grow weaker and finally lost all ambition. He had little more color in him than a bit of white paper. A physician was consulted on the first appearance of the trouble. He carefully examined the case stating that the hearing was affected by catarrhal deafness, the pains in the back originating from muscular rheumatism and the constant tired feeling and general weakness was caused by over growth. These difficulties together with the after effects of la grippe left him a physical wreck. He had the benefit of careful medical attention for four months. The doctor had carefully treated him for the deafness and succeeded in restoring his hearing, but in other respects was no better. He ordered that he should be carefully nursed which was about all that could be done. To make things more clearly understood I might say he was at this time past twelve years of age, having grown very fast, was large enough for one six years his senior. The doctor said medicine could not benefit him and all that could be done must come by nursing. We naturally felt greatly discouraged at the prospect, not knowing what course to pursue in the future. At this juncture one of the druggists of Napanee who had previously compounded many prescriptions, recommended a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was then the first of June when we purchased three boxes and commenced the treatment. When he had finished the second box his appetite, previously fickle and unsteady, had wonderfully improved. He continued taking the pills until seven boxes had been used. His strength returned with renewed vigor and all signs of muscular rheumatism had vanished and he steadily regained a strong healthy color, and was able to do considerable light work in the harvest field such as riding the mower, reaper or horse-rake. He has since attended school regularly and though a year has elapsed, he has had no symptoms." Mrs. Smith spoken to about the matter readily concurred in all that had been said relative to her son's case, and was very decided in her views regarding the health giving properties contained in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood builder and nerve restorer. They supply the blood with its life and health-giving properties, thus driving disease from the system. There are numerous pink colored imitations, against which the public is warned. The genuine Pink Pills can be had only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Refuse all others.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

"Things in general," said the pessimistic Theosophist, "are very, very bad."

"Oh, well," replied the optimistic Theosophist, cheerfully, "it's all in a lifetime, and besides, there will be other lifetimes."

The World's Great Blood Purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla, Which absolutely Cures every form of Impure blood, from The pimple on your Face to the great Scrofula sore which Drains your system. Thousands of people Testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Catarrh, Rheumatism, And That Tired Feeling. Remember this And get Hood's, And only Hood's.

A PILGRIMAGE TO JORDAN.

The Annual Exodus of Russians for the Holy Land.

The Russian peasantry have a strong belief in the sacred properties of the waters of Jordan, says the London Graphic. Nothing but Jordan water must be used for baptism, and to be buried in shrouds which have been made from linen which have been dipped in the Jordan, or, still better, in which the wearer has bathed in the Jordan, is extremely desirable.

So strong is this feeling that an annual exodus of pilgrims sets out for Palestine. Hospices have been built throughout Russia and at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims have free accommodation for a period not exceeding twelve months. They walk from all parts of Russia, some of them even as far as the White Sea, to Odessa, where they take steamer for Jaffa. Thence on to Jerusalem, where they wait until the Saturday before Epiphany. On that day both men and women walk in thousands down the twenty miles of continually descending road to Jericoo, where they encamp for the night.

On the Sunday the whole troop, headed by the Bishop, go on to the Jordan, and after the Bishop has blessed the waters they fill bottles, tin kettles, and, in fact, any available vessel with Jordan water, and most of them, men and women alike, taking no notice whatever of the thousands of Arabs, Jews, Greeks, Mohammedans, and even English and American tourists with cameras who are there, calmly divest themselves of clothing, and putting on their shrouds and crossing themselves three times, stumble placidly down the muddy river banks in the cold waters of the Jordan.

There is a strong contrast between the broad, simple, honest-looking countenances of the Russians and the keen and crafty faces of the wily Arabs by whom they are surrounded. There is a surprise and a pleasure in hearing for the first time the sweet and tuneful voices with which the pilgrims reverently chant their service, each taking his or her own part, and producing a weird and beautiful melody which will long dwell in the memory of those who hear it.

At the Brook Cherith, memorable as the spot where Elijah was fed by ravens, an Arab, with a view to the main chance, has provided a plank, for the use of which he demands toll. Much to his disgust, however, the pilgrims prefer to wade the stream.

Fact, Fancy and Fable

Have convinced people that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor should be given the preference. Get rid of your corns; get rid of them without pain; use Putnam's Extractor and no other.

COMPARATIVELY HONEST.

Miss Sharp—Before I gave you that pie you said my sidewalk needed shoveling.

Hungry Hoby—Yes, lady I reiterate my statement—it duz need shovelin'. An' ef I wuz you I'd keep me eye peeled for some laborer and giv' him de job. Mornin', lady.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY.

There never was such a bargain offered in seeds as that set forth in Rennie's advertisement in this paper. Users are offered seeds in 25c. packages at less than wholesale rates. This is no fake bargain, but something gilt-edged; in fact the price at which seeds are offered speak for themselves. Moreover in dealing with Mr. Rennie people are dealing with a man whose name has been a household word in Canada for probity and honor for a generation past. We have no hesitation in recommending our readers to order freely at the prices offered. Do not wait until the offer is withdrawn, but order now.

TIME FOR JANE TO BRACE UP.

Jane, said the newly-married lady of the house, I want you to flute each slice of bread we have for dinnre.

Fluted, is it? I'm not the sewin' woman, mum.

Jane, you are not keeping up with your business. What did I get you that saw-edged bread knife for?

Constipation

CURED BY **CELERY KING**

Pure Roots and Herbs with Celery—a great digestive stimulant—sold by all druggists. Large package, 25c. WOODWARD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, CAN.

Two Hundred and Seventy-Five

Cups in each pound of 40c. **LUDELLA** Ceylon Tea.

Do you realize the value this contains—seven cups for one cent. Try it.

25, 40, 50 and 60c. In lead Packages. From Leading grocers.

HER FIFTY YEARS' KEEP.

On the occasion of his golden wedding a methodical English husband figured up from his carefully-kept accounts what his wife had cost him. He had an assured income of $2,500 a year throughout his life. Winning his wife, what with presents, engagement ring, and extra expenditure on his own personal adornment, cost him $500; her share of the household expenses was $625 a year; her clothing and linen cost $250 yearly; presents, medical attendance, amusements and summer excursions amounted for her share to $150 annually. He therefore spent for her in fifty years $66,750.

A PLAGUE OF THE NIGHT.

Itching Piles and Other Rectal Troubles Easily Cured by a Safe Method—A Remarkable Number of Cures Made by Trask's Magnetic Ointment.

About one person in every four suffers from some form of rectal disease. The most common and annoying is itching piles, indicated by warmth, slight moisture and intense, uncontrollable itching in the parts affected.

The usual treatment has been some simple ointment or salve, which sometimes gives temporary relief, but nothing like a permanent cure can be expected from such superficial treatment.

The only permanent cure for itching piles yet discovered is Trask's Magnetic Ointment, not only for itching piles, but for every other form of piles, blind, bleeding or protruding. The first application gives instant relief and the continued use for a short time causes a permanent removal of the tumors or the small parasites which cause the intense itching and discomfort of itching piles.

Many physicians for a long time supposed that the remarkable relief afforded by Trask's Magnetic Ointment was because it was supposed to contain cocaine, opium or similar drugs, but such is not the case. A recent careful analysis of the remedy showed it to be absolutely free from any cocaine, opium or in fact any poisonous, injurious drugs whatever.

For this reason Trask's Magnetic Ointment is probably the only pile cure extensively recommended by physicians, because it is so safe, so prompt in the relief afforded and so far as known the only positive cure for piles except a surgical operation.

If suffering from any form of piles ask your druggist for a 25c or 50c package of Trask's Magnetic Ointment and try it to night.

FRANCIS KAHLE, 127 Bay-street, Toronto.

IN THE ASYLUM.

First Patient (scornfully)—Go on! You have wheels in your head.

Second Patient (proudly)—Of course I have! and they're chainless wheels at that.

Man in Distress.

A whole family suffering. A dull aching of nerve or muscle, or the acute pangs of neuralgia, toothache, or lumbago makes life a misery. But Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—will relieve all these. Nerviline is powerful, penetrating, and effectual.

THE MYSTERY CLEARED.

Well, sir, said the chief of police to one of his shrewdest detectives, has any one succeeded in deciphering that mysterious paper you found on that suspect?

Yes. It was a doctor's prescription.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"OFF THEIR NUTS."

First Nut—We shall be eaten soon! The thought's enough to drive us mad!

Second Ditto (brokenly)—Yes; I'm 'cracked' already!

DISCARDED.

See here, you infernal youngster, what did you swat me in the neck with that apple for?

It wasn't any good, sir.

W P C 907

BUILT TO WEAR.....

as well as to sell, and it pays to buy the best—as a good investment and a safe return is the JOY OF THE BUSINESS MAN.

Goodrich Res-Flex SINGLE TUBE TIRES

are a safe return for your money, because they are constructed on scientific principles and are away ahead of the old-time tire. They don't GET OUT OF WIND. Our "I" catalogue explains why. Send for it. Dealers quoted.

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IMPOSSIBLE to adulterate

MONSOON..... INDO-CEYLON TEA,

it being packed in sealed lead packets.—Black and mixed. All grocers.

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Do you think, Grimly, that you do what you should to brighten your home?

I've put in gas, electric lights and lamps. If there's anything else to make it brighter I'm ready to invest.

DR. SPROULE, B. A., (graduate of Dublin University, Ireland). Specialist Chronic Diseases of the Nerves, Blood, Constitutional Ailments, Impaired Vital Energy. Letters confidentially answered. 93 Carlton St., Toronto.

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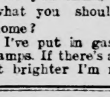
and consequently our low priced machines have always given extra good service and better results than many machines bringing $25 higher prices.

Every Cycle Fully Guaranteed

Good Business Men, Insurance Agents or others, wanted in each town or village as Agents.

If you want to buy or sell a carload of POTATOES, write us. Ship us your Butter, Eggs, Fruit, Apples, Beans, Maple Syrup, Hogs, or other produce and we will get you all it is worth on the market. Quick sales and returns. Correspondence invited. THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, for. of West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO. References—Dominion Bank, Market Branch.

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GOLD RINGS FREE!

We will give one half-round Ring, 18k Rolled Gold plate, a watch present, to any one who will sell 1 doz. Imperial Lamp Polish. Good pay to canvassing friends at 10c. each. Write us and we will mail you the Polish. You sell it, and send us the money and we will mail you the Ring. STAR CHEMICAL CO., Box 520, Canaseraga, Conn.

"WE WANT YOU QUICK."

Intelligent ladies and gentlemen can be supplied with genteel and very PROFITABLE employment. Industry is the essential NECESSARY to secure GOOD REMUNERATION. Can give the address of a reputable lady who has just cleared $115 in 7 DAYS $6 can be made right AT your own HOME. J. L. NICHOLSON & CO., 33 Richmond West, Toronto.

Klondike Supplies...

SLEEPING BAGS, STORM HOODS, MOSQUITO NETS, SNOWSHOES, BEDS, FOOTS, MOCCASINS, FISHING TACKLE, ETC. Send for Klondike list.

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ROOFING SLATE, in Black, Red or Green. SLATE BLACKBOARDS (We supply Public and High Schools, Toronto). Roofing Felt, Pitch, Coal Tar, etc. ROOFING (New or New City Buildings, Toronto, done by our firm). Metal Ceilings, Cornices, etc. Estimates furnished for work complete or for materials shipped to any part of the country.

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— HAVE YOU —

A PIG WITH TWO TAILS?

— IF SO, WRITE —

W. C. HARRIS, DETAIL MERCHANT, William St., ... TORONTO, Ont.

FOR CURE.

FREE FROM DISEASE.

THE DOCTOR SAYS SO.
MR. FISHER SWEARS SO.
KOOTENAY DID IT.

Mr. Jacob Fisher, who is employed by the Niagara Falls Paper Co., of Niagara Falls, N.Y., suffered for a long time from Rheumatism, Scrofula and blood disorder. He took Kootenay Cure, and now is perfectly free from disease. He has been examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland, who declares him in "a perfect state of health, and free from any disease." Mr. Fisher himself made a sworn declaration as follows: "I am the same person examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland. For over a year I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, Scrofula and blood disorder. I commenced taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and now I am free from all blood disorder, Rheumatism, Scrofula and skin diseases, and my cure was effected solely by the use of the above named remedy."

Chart Book mailed free on application to The S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

What? "AMBERINE"

HAIR PRODUCER — CURES DANDRUFF

Over 300 are using it in Hamilton.
Over 1000 in Toronto and London.

Removes Dandruff in One Week.
Cures Itching of the Scalp.
Prevents Breaking of Hair.
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POSITIVELY GROWS HAIR.

SWORN TESTIMONIALS SENT FREE.

"HAIR PRODUCER"

$1.00 per Bottle from Druggists, or on receipt of price to

Job Cook Mf'g Co., London, Ont.

ENDORSED BY CLERGY — TESTIMONY UNDER OATH

SURE!

SEEDS

12 VARIETIES FOR 25 Cts.

This is a BONA FIDE offer made to introduce our Vegetable and Flower Seeds to new customers and which we guarantee to please you or the amount paid refunded and the Seeds given as a present.

At these prices we can ONLY offer the varieties named below. Order by number. Buy what you want. They are sent by mail post paid. Select from the following list:—

VEGETABLES. (Order by Number.)

1. Beet, Eclipse, round
2. Beet, Egyptian, flat round
3. Cabbage, Winningstadt
4. Cabbage, Rottler's Bronswick
5. Carrot, half long, scarlet
6. Carrot, Guerande scarlet
7. Cucumber, Chicago Pickling
8. Cucumber, Long Green
9. Celery, Golden Self-Blanching
10. Herbs, Sage
11. Herbs, Savory
12. Herbs, Marjoram
13. Lettuce, Nonpareil (Cabbage)
14. Lettuce, Denver Market (curled)
15. Musk Melon, extra early, Nutmeg
16. Water Melon, Early Canada
17. Onion, large red Wethersfield
18. Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers
19. Parsnip, Hollow Crown
20. Radish, French Breakfast
21. Radish, Rosy Gem
22. Squash, Hubbard
23. Tomato, extra early Atlantic
24. Tomato, Dwarf Champion

FLOWERS.

25. Asters, mixed
26. Mignonette, sweet
27. Pansy, mixed
28. Zinnia, mixed
29. Kaulfussia, tall mixed
30. Sweet Peas, Fine mixed
31. Wild Flower, Garden mixed



Rosy Gem Radish.

FREE WITH EVERY ORDER

Providing this Coupon is CUT OUT and sent to us with an order for 12 packets, we will include 1 packet New Giant Chilian Bell-pepsicum, price 20c. Free of Charge TO SUBSCRIBERS OF THIS PAPER.

We will NOT ACCEPT AN ORDER at these prices where the packets are NOT selected from the above list.

WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1898.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

House cleaning is on at the court house.

See J. A. Healey & Co's wall paper. —Advt.

Get your picture taken last week in April at Lusk's.

Mr. L. H. McDonald, of Regina, is in town this week.

Lusk's studio has been moved along side of Snodie's hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott returned to Regina from the east last week.

Mrs. A. D. Millar, of Regina, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. C. Sanders.

Yesterday Mr. Jno. Riddell accidently fell and dislocated his shoulder.

The Moose Jaw Creamery will commence operations not later than May 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock arrived from New York on Saturday. Mrs Hitchcock's health is much improved

Mr. Jas. Thomson arrived on Wednesday from the east with a car load of stock for his Klonkyke expedition.

Mr. R. E. Green, arrived from San Francisco a few days ago to take a position in the Phoenix Shaving Parlor.

Engineer Geo. Young, of Calgary, was in town this week. Mrs. Young and family expect to go west in the near future.

Conductor Art. Richardson has received word of the serious illness of his brother, Christopher, who left Moose Jaw recently and is now at Kamloops.

Mr. Norman Mc. Lellan, formerly of Moose Jaw, was married at Spokane last week to Miss Annie Swanson. They have made their home at Slocan City. B. C. Norman's many friends extend their congratulations.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher requests us to make a correction in our report of the case against him in December last. We stated that he had been "committed for trial, but bail was allowed." According to legal phraseology it should have been "held for trial."

Mr. J. A. McDonald of Pense died last Friday after a lengthy illness. Mr McDonald was uncle to Mrs. J. J. Mc. Lean, Mrs. G. M. Ross, Mrs. Norman McLeod and the Misses McDonald of the C. P. R. dining hall. Mrs. Mc. Lean, Mrs. Ross and the Misses McDonald attended the funeral.

The annual meeting of the Moose Jaw Methodist Mission Band will be held in the church on Thursday next at 8 p.m. A very interesting time is expected when the boxes are opened in the interest of Naotoka San, and a missionary programme will be given by the children. Collection to aid the fund. Everybody welcome.

The Methodist Ladies Aid held their regular meeting at the residence of Mrs. Amos Hicks on Wednesday. The feature of the evening was a pleasant and unexpected surprise to Mrs Hardy, who is to leave for Medicine Hat shortly. The ladies presented her with a handsome silver water pitcher as a slight token of their appreciation of her services.

Mr. Kern has definitely decided to go on with his new hotel, and the architect, Mr. S. A. Clarke, of Regina, is expected here to day to make final arangements. Our reporter has been shown a plan of the building and can vouch for the statement that it will be a credit to Moose Jaw and to Mr. Kern. It will be a commodious building, equipped with all modern improvements and will furnish excellent accommodation for the travelling public.

The progressive pedro party given by Mrs. D. Moore on Thursday evening was one of the most enjoyable events of the social season. Mrs. R. L. Slater carried off the first prize with honors while Mr. Fenwick figured in the second. To much cannot be said of the charming manner in which the hostess, assisted by her sister Miss Hinchie, entertained the guests. The spacious rooms filled with youth and beauty, merry peals of laughter, the presentation of prizes, followed by most delicious refreshments which even a caterer might envy, all combined to make the party a complete success.

Miss Tillen returned on Saturday from the C. E. convention at Moosomin. In reporting the convention an exchange says: "After a hearty greeting to the convention now in session, Chairman Buchanan called on and introduced President Fraser who came forward and took his place as chairman and after a few kind words of greeting to the Endeavorers he called for Miss Tillen's paper on Sabbath Observance. Miss Tillen is a young lady from Moose Jaw, and as a writer reflects great credit on the town from which she comes. The discussion which followed was one of the most helpful of the convention. This splendid paper with the singing of "Jesus, Saviour, Plot Me," brought another session to a close." The Endeavorers will next meet at Moose Jaw on Thursday and Good Friday of 1899.

Miss Potter of Dundurn is the guest of Miss Lowe.

Lipton's famous tea for sale at J. A. Healey & Co's.

Dr. P. F. Size, dentist, will be at the dining hall April 29th, and 30th.

Mr. Jno. Burns is new convalescent and was out for the first time yesterday.

Mrs. Dyre, of Prince Albert, was the guest of Mrs. Tupper Vance this week, waiting for the out going Prince Albert train.

The adjourned meeting of the annual meeting of the Agricultural Society will be held in the town hall on Saturday, April 23rd, 1898.

The annual meeting of the central committee of the Church in the district of Moose Jaw will be held in St. John's church, Moose Jaw on Wednesday afternoon.

The Incumbent of St. John's church will (D.V.) celebrate the Holy Communion and preach at St. John's church English Village, on Low Sunday at 10:30 a.m. The annual Easter meeting will be held in the afternoon.

The plans prepared for the combined station and dining hall at Moose Jaw provide for a dining room 40 feet long by 31 feet wide, and a lunch room 16x31, with kitchens, pantries, etc., in addition, also twenty one bed rooms, bathroom, parlor and smoking room. The building when erected will be a credit to the C. P. R. and a handsome ornament to the town.

Messrs. A. R. Ross, Allen Tuxford, and Harold Johnson, have returned from a six months sojourn in England. They report having had a very pleasant time and are looking none the worse from their trip, excepting their "tenderfoot" appearance, but it will only take a few breezy days to rectify this. On their departure we prophesied that Mr Ross would not return alone. This has proved correct, as he has brought back a partner in the person of Mr. Lett who will engage to learn the farming. His many friends extend their congratulations.

Last Saturday an accident happened on the Prince Albert road near Dundurn. For three days the regular passenge train had been endeavoring to reach Regina, and was running South with a double header in charge of Engineers Jas. Wilson and Jno Bryce. Engineer Bryce lead with a heavy snow plough attachment, while "bucking" a snow drift ten feet high, the snow plough caught in the ice and turned under the engine throwing her in the ditch head foremost. The fireman jumped and escaped injury, but Engineer Bryce received a severe shaking up from which he is reported to be recovering. The railway men will welcome the appearance of spring.

There is in Moose Jaw five general stores, one gent's furnishing store, two barber shops, two jewellery stores, five confectionery stores, one drug store, two stationery stores, two lumber yards, one furniture store, two tailor shops, two doctors, one harness shop and boot and shoe store, three implement agencies, one millinery store, five or six dressmakers, two banking institutions, two butcher shops, three blacksmith shops, four hotels, three boarding houses, one wholesale liquor store, one flour and feed store, a dairy factory, three bakeries, two tinsmith shops, C P.R. workshops and divisional offices, about a score of carpenters and contractors, five or six stone masons, bricklayers and plasterers, five or six painters and paper hangers, two livery stables, deputy clerk and deputy sheriff, a police magistrate, one Justice of the peace, and an N.W.M.P. constable to see that we observe the law; five lawyers to settle our difficulties and get us out of trouble; an equal number of churches to teach us to love our neighbor; and last, but not least, THE MOOSE JAW TIMES to keep the people posted.

BIRTHS.

GRAYSON.—At Moose Jaw, on Wednesday, April 13th, the wife of A. K. Grayson—a daughter.

HEATH.—At Moose Jaw, on Tuesday, April 5th, the wife of E. J. Heath—a daughter.

LYONS.—At Caron, on Friday, April 8th, the wife of Oscar Lyons—a son.

ARMSTRONG.—At Moose Jaw, on Friday, April 15th, 1898, the wife of Wm. Armstrong—a son.

DEATHS.

SMITH.—At Moose Jaw, on Monday, April 11th, 1898, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith, aged 1 year and 10 months.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Awarded
Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

FOR GOOD COOK STOVES

Go to

G. K. Smith,

PRACTICAL TINSMITH.

Clean Your

FARM WITH M'DONALD'S WEED DESTROYER AND CULTIVATOR

A large number used them last year and they are more than pleased with the result. Call and inspect our 1898 machine.

J. A. McDonald,
Blacksmith.
High St., Moose Jaw.

For Good

Dairy Cows

APPLY TO

C. M. ANNABLE

OVER 50 HEAD TO CHOOSE FROM

Also two or three teams of good heavy-draught work horses for sale.

STAMPING ON LINEN

Done to order. Newest Designs. Also a full assortment of Corticelli Embroidery Silks at the Bazaar.

MISS SIMPSON

OCTAVIUS FIELD

WHOLESALE DEALER & IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Having just received the last direct importation for the season, my stock is now complete in both imported and domestic goods, consisting of the choicest brands of Irish, Scotch and Rye Whiskies, Brandies, London Old Tom and Holland Gins, Rums, Ports, Sherries, Champagnes, Clarets, Sauternes, Bergundies, Ginger and Native Wines, Liqueurs and Bitters, Bass' Ale and Guiness' Stout, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc.

Terms Spot Cash. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Business hours from 8 to 20 o'clock.

Octavius Field.

ANNUAL MEETING

Of the Moose Jaw Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting of the Moose Jaw Agricultural Society was held in the town hall Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock. President J. W. Smith presided. There were about fifty present. The usual reports were presented. The total receipts for 1897 was $304 02. Of this amount $208.00 was paid for seed grain and $164 10 to the Society, leaving a balance on hand on Jan 1st, 1898, of $21 92.

The following is the result of the election of officers:

President, T. E. McWilliams; 1st Vice President, J. E. Battell; 2nd Vice President, H. C. Gilmour; Sec'y, Ben. Fletcher; Treasurers, Hitchcock & McCulloch; Directors, J. G. Beesley, S. K. Rathwell, Geo. Might, Jas Smith, F. W. Green, E. N. Hopkins, H. Battell, Jno. Brubaker, A. H. Powell, Wm Watson, H. Dorrell, B. Smith.

The meeting returned until 2 p.m. Saturday, April 23rd, to further consider the report of the directors.

In order to keep up with the increase in business Mr. Simington, has secured the service of Mr. Wm. Hauley who will assist him in the shop.

McCormick Manufacturing Company.

Having secured the Agency for the McCormick Manufacturing Co., I hereby announce that I am now ready to supply all implements required on a farm. The McCormick Implements have a reputation of their own in this country, giving entire satisfaction wherever they are in use. All kinds of repairing on shortest notice. A carload of lumber wagons just arrived for the spring trade. When purchasing a buggy don't forget to inspect our stock.

A. WILSON,
Blacksmith.

My Stock of....

SPRING TWEEDS

is complete and superb.
Suitings all exclusive patterns....

The World-Famed

Klondyke Serges in Black and Blue....

Great variety of up-to-date Tweed Suitings.. $15 to $28

OUR PANTS

are Away Down—
in price.

W. N. Mitchell.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

If you buy from us....

BUILDING MATERIAL LIME & WOOD FOR SPOT CASH.

Corn Meal (per cwt.)	..	$ 2.00
Wheat "	" ..	2.00
Graham Flour "	..	2.00
Mixed Chop (per ton)	..	25.00
Corn Chop "	..	22.00
Barley "	..	22.00

Please leave cash with order.

E. SIMPSON & CO.

P.S.—House to let. Farm for sale.

Bargains!

This month we are giving bargains in.....

Watches, Clocks, Silverwars, Jewelry and Optical Goods.

REPAIRING:—High grade watches, clocks and jewelry a specialty; also organs.

J. U. MUNNS.

Sole agent for Bell Organs and Pianos.

UNION BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Subscribed	$1,500,000
Capital Paid Up	1,493,300
Rest	325,000

HEAD OFFICE, - - - QUEBEC.

Andrew Thomson, Esq, ...President.
Hon. E. J. Price, ... Vice-Pres.
E. E. Webb, ... General Manager.
J. G. Billett, ... Inspector.

BRANCHES.

Alexandria, Ont.		Morden, Man.	
Boissevain, Man.		Melita,	"
Carberry,	"	Moosomin,	N.W.T.
Carman,	"	Moose Jaw,	"
Calgary,	N.W.T.	Norwood,	Ont.
Deloraine,	Man.	Neepawa,	Man.
Glenboro,	"	Ottawa,	Ont.
Gretna,	"	Quebec,	Que.
Holland,	"	Quebec, (S. Lewis S.	
Hamiota,	"	Shelburne,	Ont.
Hastings,	Ont.	Smith's Fall's	Ont.
Indian Head,	N.W.T.	Souris,	Man.
Lethbridge,	"	Toronto,	Ont.
Macleod,	"	Virden,	Man.
Merrickville,	Ont.	Wiarton,	Ont.
Minnedosa,	Man.	Winchester,	Ont.
Montreal,	Quebec.	Winnipeg,	Man.

MOOSE JAW BRANCH.

Deposits received and general banking business transacted.

Interest allowed on saving and special deposits

Drafts sold, available at all points in Canada, United States and England.

ROBT. S. BARROW, Manager.

Massey - Harris CO.

J. H. BUNNELL, Agent.

The Best is None Too Good For Moose Jaw.

We have on hand a full stock of Plows, Harrows, Seeders, Cultivators, Bain Waggons, etc.

The new model "Victoria" Sulky and Gang is having a large sale. A car load of Brantford Buggies and Democrats to arrive in a few days. Intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before placing their orders, as they will find our goods right and the prices to suit their pockets.

We also carry a full stock of wood goods and harness.

Agent for Steel Aermotor Windmills and all kinds of pumps.

AUCTION : SALE

....OF....

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Saturday, April 23rd, at 1 p.m.

Having received instructions from Mr. Adam Carle I will offer for sale by public auction at the stables of McDonald & Riddell the following implements, all in good condition:—1 binder, 1 mower, 1 rake, 2 gang plows, 1 fanning mill, 1 walking plow, 1 seed drill, 1 cultivator, 1 disc harrow, 1 buggy, 9 horses and some harness. Terms made known at time of sale.

O. B. Fysh,
Auctioneer.

Klondyke

SUPPLIES AT THE KLONDYKE STORE

We're at it Again!

Having just opened up in the Kern Block, Main Street, with a small but well selected stock of Groceries, canned goods, teas, sugar, tobacco, etc., etc., we are now prepared to attend to your wants in these lines, and hope for the renewed patronage of our old customers.

Thomas Healey.

SMOKE THE GREAT CRUSADER CIGAR



J. RATTRAY & Co. MONTREAL.

M. J. MaLEOD.

We are headquarters for....

MEN'S AND BOYS' HATS

If There's Anything New We are Sure to Have It,

in men's hats as well as in men's clothing and furnishings.

NO LAGGARDS IN THE FASHIONABLE RACE ARE WE

Just now we want to tell you of our Hats. Elegant-up-to-date-stylish hats. A large, choice assortment we have in all the most popular and leading shapes. In soft crush and fedora felts we have pale castor, nutris, London tan, California brown, drab, slate, peril and black. Our christy hard felt hats in black and brown are the latest correct shapes.

SPECIAL BARGAINS THIS WEEK

	THIS WEEK.
Men's soft wool hats, in black & brown, 90c..	$.50
Men's Fedora wool hats, black & brown $1.25.	.75
Men's fedora fur hats worth $1.75.....	1.25
Men's fedora fur hats in different shades, $2..	1.50
Men's hard felt hats, worth $2.00	1.25

Also special cut prices in boys' & children's hats. Spring caps in endless variety and shapes.

M. J. MacLEOD

The Leading Clothier and Furnisher.

House Cleaning

time is here and if you require any....

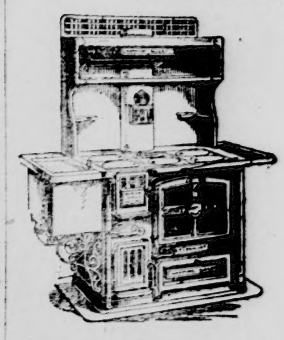
KALSOMING, PAPER HANGING OR PAINTING

For anything in this line, you should consult the undersigned who make it their business and are now prepared to give attention to all work entrusted to them. Good workmanship at moderate charges.

Sanders & Hawkins.

PAINTERS AND PAPER HANGERS.

STEEL RANGES.



We purpose if we receive sufficient number of orders to ship in a car of our Cast and Steel Ranges in April. All customers ordering in time for this car will get the advantage of the car rate on freight. Prices and terms may be obtained from our local agent.

GURNEY-FOUNDRY COMPANY LIMITED.

Jno. Brass, Agt.